JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 27, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 882. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1923. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

Life on 4d. a Day

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

Read the Announcement on Page Six

[ADVT.]

GRAVES

SUITS. THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

This is the honest truth. We challenge comparison. For dependable quality, we feel we are unrivalled. Graves 70/- suits are without rival.

Graves System of Direct Self-Measurement. Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measure, & we guarantee to supply suits perfectly fitting garments. Price 70/-

From 7/6 weekly

We Deliver the Graves 70/- suit, carriage paid, to your door on receipt of only 7/6 with your order. Balance in monthly payments of 7/6 until paid. Money back if not satisfied.

PATTERNS POST FREE

Write for Patterns

Send a post card for patterns cut from the actual cloth lengths from which the suits are made. With the cloth samples in your hands you will be able to judge the excellence of the materials and the suits we are offering. We guarantee their Quality and Wear. Prices from 30/-

J. G. Graves Ltd Sheffield.

Wherever you live our keen prices & easy terms are for YOU.

LADIES' TRENCH COATS FREE

Won within 28 Days' Offer

Simply to advertise the marvellous value we are offering in Gentlemen's Suits and Overcoats, we will present absolutely FREE a Ladies' Waterproof Trench Coat in either Fawn or Navy shade, Double-breasted, Storm Belt and full skirt to every customer ordering one of our celebrated West End

SUITS TO MEASURE 42/-

or higher price, a full range comprising Smart Fancy Tweeds, Blue Serges, Whipcords, and Cashmere Suitings sent post free. This Amazing Free Gift will also apply to any customer ordering one of our WARM WINTER

OVERCOATS 35/-

or higher price to measure. Our present selection of materials are, without doubt, the smartest range in London, consisting of Grey Cheviots, Meltons, Naps, Velours, and Rhetoric Tweeds. To those customers not desirous of a Ladies' Trench Coat, we will supply either a Pair of TROUSERS for 2/6 to measure, or Gentlemen's Pair of BOOTS for 5/-.

In exceptional good quality. Cash Fully Refunded to any dissatisfied customer. Write at once and state kind of patterns required, sent Post Free, with self-measure form and illustrations. (Estab. 30 years.) J. B. BERRIDGE, P.I.C., 19, Chap. & Queen Road, London, W.2. Late of 8, Oxford Street, W.

Motor Information Coupon.

Please send me information regarding the following cars :

.....

.....

.....

Fill in the details, and these particulars will be sent to you. Address Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

FIRE!

A disastrous fire in the home is something that is branded on the memory for all time. Mr. W. Beech, Stilton, High Street, Peterborough, has suffered a particularly tragic experience of this kind.

Mr. Beech was roused at 12.20 a.m. by the smell of burning. Leaping out of bed, he found the whole house enveloped in flames. Such headway had the flames made that there was not even a second in which to throw on a coat. Mr. Beech, who snatched from the flames what cherished belongings he could, barely escaped with his life. In his hour of trouble JOHN BULL has proved a friend indeed to Mr. Beech and has forwarded him a cheque for £100.

12.20 a.m.! Note the hour. *Fire enters the home like a thief in the night, when you are least expecting it.* No home is immune. Don't risk all when your signature on the forms below will safeguard you against loss. Play for safety. Sign *now*.

All those readers whose names are mentioned below benefit on account of Fire this week, hundreds more have received cheques on account of Storm, Sickness, Accident.

FIRE
up to £400

KENNINGTON, S.E. 11.—Mrs. F. HOBBS, 7, Hanover Gardens.
LONDON, E.C. 1.—C. LEACH, 41, Compton Buildings.
MILFORD HAVEN, S. WALES.—Mrs. F. BLAKE, 29, Dartmouth Gardens.
WALTHAMSTOW, E.—Mrs. FORRESTER, 113, Harrington Road.
LEEDS.—Mrs. M. A. YOUNG, 19, Rae Street, Burdingthorpe Lane.
TREHERBERT, GLAM.—T. FOSTER, 19, Margaret Street.
PORT GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.—J. P. SHARP, 25, Scarlow Street.
WADWORTH, near DONCASTER.—R. C. WILBOUGHBY.
SANDAL, WAKEFIELD, YORKS.—H. WALKER, 18, Pretoria Street, Portobello Road.
CHUDLEIGH, DEVON.—W. E. CAUSTER, 25, New Exeter Street.
SHEFFIELD.—W. BROADHEAD, 12, Malthouse Lane.
JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. MANN, 94, Upper Ormonde Street.
ABERDREN.—T. R. EWING, 1, Skene Lane.
ITCHEN, SOUTHAMPTON.—F. AVERY, 4, Hill Street.
MARDY, GLAM.—Mrs. M. CROMPTON, 7, James Street.
SOUTH BANK, YORKS.—J. HARKER, 23, Middle Oxford Street.
NANTYFFYLLON, MAESTEG, GLAM.—Mrs. E. J. WILLIAMS, 83, High Street.
WALWORTH.—Mrs. TRODD, 27, Lion Street.
LLANDAFF NORTH, GALM.—E. JAMES, 14, Rhoose Road.
LEEDS.—J. SAPERIA, 2, Hamilton Place, Leopold Street.
MILLHOUSES, SHEFFIELD.—J. MONKTON, 45, Buttonmere Road.
BOLTON, LANCS.—P. COSNOLLY, 40, Mortsell Street.
TOTTENHAM.—Mrs. CATLEY, 7, Devon Road.
MOSELEY, BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. LANDUCCI, 6, Dad's Lane.
TREDEGAR, MON.—A. WEED, 9, Vale Terrace.
KIRBY BEDON, near NORWICH.—Miss A. CROWE, c.o. F. PRIOR, The Bungalow.
ABERAVON, GLAM.—Mrs. C. WILLIAMS, 2, Corporation Road.
MILFORD HAVEN.—Mrs. M. BLOOMFIELD, 124, Robert Street.
LADYWOOD, BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. R. DAVIS, 2/32, Alexandra Street.
MEXBOROUGH.—Mrs. W. PARKER, 2, Wath Road.
SALTLEY, BIRMINGHAM.—W. H. PARTRIDGE, 162, Devon Street.
SAWBRIDGEWORTH, HERTS.—Mrs. J. S. CLARK, c.o. Mrs. DYER, 4, Almshouses.
MAESTEG, GLAM.—M. JENKINS, 1, Temple Street.
BRYNHYFRYD, SWANSEA.—A. DAVIES, 49, Penlan Fayll.
BARRHEAD, RENFREWSHIRE.—Mrs. J. DAWSON, 55, Graham Street.
SHEFFIELD.—W. BURGIN, 45, Edward Street.
WABASH, HANTS.—Mrs. A. EVANS, Asheldene, Osborne Road.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS: Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

251 Benefits paid this week—Total now 9,606

The simple act of filling up these forms ONCE fully qualifies the reader for the benefits offered and continues to do so as long as this Insurance Gift and the order to the Newsagent remain in force. There is no need to fill in the form again except in case of change of address or change of newsagent.

CUT HERE

J.B. 27.10.23.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have given an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date ....

Use 1d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of 6 stamped addressed envelopes bearing 1d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 27.10.23.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date ....

JACKSONS SAVE YOU 10/-

This GUARANTEED WATERPROOF BOOT

sent direct from factory by post.

To come dryfoot through the worst underfoot conditions of the year have this fine waterproof boot of Jacksons. Buy it direct from the factory at the factory one profit price which saves you at least 10s.

MODEL No. A9210, GUARANTEED WATERPROOF, is a boot you will be glad to wear. Made from the finest Black Box Calf and soled with DRI-PED super leather, guaranteed double wearing and wet resisting. The welts are stitched on the hand-sewn principle for flexibility and super quality leather lined for foot comfort. *Also in Brown Willow Calf No 2250.* **WHEN ORDERING** state size (or trace outline of stockinged foot with pencil held upright), give model number and include 1s. extra for postage.

***FREE.** Jacksons' Illustrated Catalogue of Footwear on receipt of post-card.*

JACKSONS LTD.
(DEPT.20), Victoria Wks., STOCKPORT, England.

20/-

Ast. Postage 1/- extra

BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE TOWNS.

LAST WEEKS

"To fight germs and bacteria you must have money..."
—Words by the Prince.
—*From the "Daily Mail."* 3/7/23.

£1,000 for 1/-

THE GREAT

St. Paul's Hospital COMPETITION

IS NOW DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

If you have put off buying your tickets, secure them NOW.
Don't leave it to a last-minute rush.
The objects of this Competition are the Completion of the New Hospital Building and War on Disease.

95 Substantial Prizes

are to be won. The Competition is a simple one and within the scope of everyone.

TICKETS, 1/- each

Book of Ten to sell to your Friends and *ONE FREE TICKET*, 10/-

PRIZES
Prize money deposited with the Bankers of the Fund.

1st	-	£1,000
2nd	-	£500
3rd	-	£250
4th	-	£100
5th	-	£50
10	at	£10
80	at	£5

THE MANAGER,
ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL FUND,
10, *Hospital Buildings*,
28, Bedford Street,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Model "A"
Yours for 1/-
weekly for a few weeks

JUNOPHONE

"The King of Gramophones"

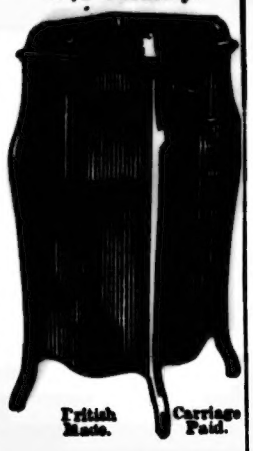
MODEL "F"
17/6 Monthly.

PRICES FROM
£3
CASH.

Easy payments from 7/- a month

FREE
Six double-sided records with each instrument.

GUARANTEE:—Our 45 years' reputation and money back if not satisfied.



British Made. Carriage Paid.

TRIAL.—Call at our showrooms at the address below and hear the JUNOPHONE yourself.

JUNO CYCLES

Prices from £4 : 15 : 0 cash, or easy payments 10/- monthly.

JUNO BABY CARS

Prices from £2 : 19 : 6, or 1/10 weekly.

Write for coloured catalogue 2d., stating if for JUNOPHONE, CYCLE or BABY CAR.

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO., Ltd.
168, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

BE LUCKY!

THAT the Ju-Ju Nigerian Mascot *does* bring luck is vouched for by the thousan is who attribute their wonderful change in fortune solely to its mysterious powers. Read these extracts from recent testimonials:—

I have tried for ten years for prizes and I won a substantial prize last week. E.

I have had phenomenal luck in my investments in the share Market. J.H.T., M/c.

My luck changed the same day we got it. E.M., Fulham.

Everything I have touched prospered. G.C., Glasgow.

Everything we do seems to prosper now. E.S., Totnes.

Since receiving mascot my luck has been phenomenal. E.W., London.

Place your trust in the Ju-Ju Nigerian Mascot and success will follow as sure as day the night Secure this lucky Mascot and be armed against misfortune. Quaint, curious, but above all, luck-bringing!

Sterling Silver, post free, 5s.
Set. Gold, £1.
"A Ju-Ju worn to-day; your luck's in straightaway!"

JU-JU SOCIETY,
Imperial Bdgs., Westgate Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne

There is no time like the present to prepare for the future,

with the helpful prospect, for the purpose of congenial spare-time study, of six clear months of early-dark evenings.

Why not avail yourself, therefore, of a Metropolitan College course of

SPECIALISED POSTAL TRAINING—TAKEN AT HOME, IN SPARE TIME;

the forerunner of great achievement in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Advertising, Banking, Insurance, Commerce, etc., or candidature for the London B. Com. Degree. Examination Coaching or non-examination courses are available, and are fully detailed in the—

140-page "GUIDE TO CAREERS,"

sent FREE and Post-paid on request.

Metropolitan College, Dept. 18, ST. ALBANS.

The 'WINDSOR' FLEXIBLE CURTAIN ROD
THE LATEST IN CURTAIN RODS.
Fitted in one minute. So simple a child can adjust
MUST BE SEEN to be APPRECIATED 7½D
SEND 7½d. FOR SAMPLE, post free.
(State inside width of window when ordering)
NO CLUMSY RODS OR UNSIGHTLY TAPES.
"WINDSOR" RODS HAVE ALREADY commanded an ENORMOUS SALE. WE ARE SURE YOU will be delighted AND SEND FOR MORE.
C. STONE & CO. (Dept. B), 18, Windsor Road, Leytonstone, Essex.

HUNT'S Big Reductions
Direct from Factory. Tea, Dinner, Toilet Sets, from 5s. 9d.; Linen Outfits 42s. 9d. Carpets, Linoleums, Cutlery, &c., supplied. Everything for home at factory prices. Illustrated Catalogue free.
Est. 1901 HUNT'S POTTERIES Ltd. 23 SHELTON, STAFFS.

Himrod's Asthma Cure

If you suffer from *Asthma, Catarrh or Ordinary Colds*, Buy a tin to-day at your Chemists
4s. 6d. a tin.

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

Try some now!

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

HAIR GROWING DISCOVERY.

Those who are bald or troubled with falling hair will be interested in Mr. Jack Evans' experience as related in the following letter:

"The small photo taken from a football group will show you how bald I was six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.

"I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair previous to the baldness was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff."

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JACK EVANS.

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

TEST-BOX COUPON

Fill in name and address and post with threepence in stamps to JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd. 2, Percy Street (53BA), London, W.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

GRAVES

WORLD'S BEST CYCLE

Reaches the highest point of All-British excellence, and is the finest cycle value in the world.

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 10/- with order. Balance in 10 monthly payments of 10/- if you are entirely satisfied. Money back if disappointed.

10/- NOW

Specification: Reynold Chain, Climax A-Web Tyres, Brampton's Rims, Dunlop Wentwood Rims, Bowden Brakes, B.S.A. Free Wheel, Reynold's Steel Tubing Lugs throughout, Saddle &c. £7 : 10 : 0
All-black models if desired same price

Write for Catalogue Post Free
Send to day for the Graves Cycle Catalogue. Three-speed models, &c., on Easy Terms
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

JUNO CYCLES

from CASH £4 : 15
OR 10/- DOWN

Balance in 11 monthly payments of 10/-
CARRIAGE PAID.
GUARANTEE: Our 45 years' reputation.

FREE Write for Three Colour Art Booklet. Post free.

JUNO Cycle & Motor Co.
Proprietors:
Metropolitan Machinists Co. Ltd.
168 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

BRITISH MADE.

JUNO BABY CARS

BRITISH MADE

NEW MODELS from £2 : 19 : 6 or 1/10 weekly.

THE "JUNO" CASH £5 : 5 : 0 or 12 monthly payments of 9/- CARR. PAID

GUARANTEE
Our 45 years' reputation

Write for Coloured Brochure No. 2. FREE on request.

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS, Co., Ltd., 168, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE FOR BARGAIN HUNTERS

WHEN ORDERING
Write your name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

Get to know about this Chair

Really out-of-the-ordinary in value, comfort, beauty. Deeply, wonderfully sprung, strong hardwood frame upholstered REAL TAPESTRY. Tremendous comfort brought within your reach for £4 : 15 : 6 only. Remarkable photographic evidence sent gladly.

THE QUALITOR UPHOLSTERY COMPANY
HARMER STREET LEEDS
Full Details—FREE

GLASS BREAKS!

Replace it yourself with WINDOLITE, the practical substitute for glass. Light, flexible and almost unbreakable; easily cut and fixed without skilled labour. Use it in your house and in your garden; for poultry houses and all outbuildings. Use it in fact WHEREVER GLASS GETS BROKEN, and for odd jobs where glass cannot be fixed without running up a builders' bill.

BE YOUR OWN GLAZIER.

SEND 4/6 for sample piece, six square feet, carriage paid.

Full particulars of other sizes on application.

WINDOLITE (Dept. 1),
179, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

A £2 : 2 : 0 Press for 6/6

Of solid wood and enamelled metal fittings If with Nickel-Plated Fittings, 8/3 p.f.

Compact, lightweight, packs in suit case. Built to last years

SAVE MONEY. DRESS WELL. Keep your trousers creased and pressed to make them last longer and to give them that "just-from-the-tailor" look!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not delighted full postage and cost refunded upon return in good condition. Send for List of other lines

The "COOPER-Kut"

Unlike any other press. Two thumb screws and patent grip give even pressure and knife-edge crease. Send for this extraordinary bargain.

The COOPER COLLAPSIBLE BOX CO. Ltd. (Dept. 261), Gravesend, Kent.

PAY CASH & SAVE 100%

JOHN BULL says: Well finished and a wonderful timekeeper.

6/6 Post Free.

GENT'S "MAGNIFIC"

Keyless Pocket Watch in strong well-finished nickel case. Very smart appearance, keeps splendid time, and is offered at a lower price than any other similar Watch on the market.

Also in finely gilt case 7/6

Free Illustrated Catalogue on request.

G. E. ANDREWS, Premier House, 15a, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

RUBBER LINED WATERPROOFS

(LADIES' OR GENT'S.)

Khaki or Navy Raincoats of exceptional value; smart and beautifully made with Storm Collar, Sleeve Tabs, and Arm Ventilation.

Gent's sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 chest.

Ladies' sizes: 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 in. long. 12/6 each. One or two cents postage extra. Double-breasted. Belt all round. 2/6 extra.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. All our goods are delivered within 48 hours of receipt of order. All money orders & cheques payable to:—

ONLY 12/6

E. BAMFORD,
The BERTON WAREHOUSE CO.,
Bamford Road,
MANCHESTER.

"THE BOLTON"

DIRECT FROM FACTORY.

Carriage Paid on approval
Ball-Bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels

£6:17:6

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

Cheaper Models from £3:12:6

Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.

S. BOLTON, 220 & 468, Kingsland Road, London, E.8.

50% Saved buying from BRAY'S

ALL FIXED LIGHT and DARK GREY, LIGHT and DARK BROWN FAWN, BLACK

10/6

Carr. Paid. 2 for 20/-. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Great BARGAIN in VELOURS at HALF USUAL RETAIL PRICES.

We are selling direct to the wearer our entire output of men's hats. Of real Austrian Velour, made up in latest style, beautifully trimmed.

WE GUARANTEE YOUR SATISFACTION OR WILL REFUND FULL MONEY IMMEDIATELY.

Send P.O. to-day stating size and shade required to:

BRAY'S BROTHERS, 57, Market St. (Dist. 60 years), Manchester.

RIFANCO GRAMOPHONES

Knock out all competition in Price and Quality. 20 years' standing. Thousands of testimonials. 25 different Models British made machines from 35/- to £20 carriage paid and on 3 days' approval. 3 ft. 6 in. Pedestal Machines £6 6s. Jacobean Sideboard Machines £9 18s. 25 Types of Gramo-Motors from 15/6, complete with 1, 2 and 4 springs. Every accessory cheaper than anywhere. Tone arms, Soundboxes, Horns, Cabinets, Springs, Needles, Albums, Record-cases, Knobs, Hinges, Lid-stays, Accordions, Violins, etc.

Trade discount to dealers. 32 pages, 180 illustrations Catalogue telling how to make gramophones send post free for 2d. Running done.

THE RIFANCO FITTINGS CO. (J.B.), Actual Makers, 168, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

Established 1903. 'Phone: Clerkenwell 2022.

FURS

at WHOLESALE PRICES

The finest selection of beautiful ready-made FURS in London to choose from. Every article of GUARANTEED QUALITY however low the price paid. *Inspection cordially invited, or write for New Illustrated Catalogue,*

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO., 145, Cheapside, E.C.
Showrooms: First Floor.

A WINTER COAT for 7/6

This attractive model has fur roll collar and deep magyar sleeves, and is gathered at the back. Of all wool velour in Beaver, Grey, Nigger or Navy, it is remarkably low priced at 7/11. Same model with astrachan collar 17/6.

Write for patterns and booklet "Chic and Serviceable Modes."

ALL GOODS SENT ON RECEIPT OF FIRST PAYMENT.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All garments made to measure.

LEACH & HARDY,
Dept. J.B., Brown St., Manchester.

2/6 Weekly

or 2/6 each is all you pay for a superbly made "Ideal" Gramophone with massive solid golden oak cabinet, gigantic richly coloured metal horn, extra large motor and unusually loud Normal Reproducer, fitted with 40 new tunes packed free, and carriage paid, on

10 DAYS' TRIAL.

Money refunded if not satisfied. Elegantly designed, Portable Hornless, Inlaid Table Grands and Floor Cabinet Models last 40 p.c. below shop prices. Write for illustrated cat alogue and testimonials

IDEAL

CO. (DEPT. J.B.), BIRMINGHAM.

THE FUNK AND WAGNALLS
PRACTICAL STANDARD DICTIONARY

THE Newest Member of the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary Family is an Unrivalled Achievement in Abridged Dictionary Making—a Truly Marvellous Book of Information and Knowledge.

It spells, pronounces and defines with incomparable clearness over 140,000 terms and answers over half a million questions in all branches of human knowledge. Contains 2,500 Pictorial Illustrations including numerous full-page plates. Has 12,000 lines of Synonymic Treatment which give not mere list of words, but examples of their use in actual sentences. In addition to these it has also over twenty-five other exclusive features.

For its size it is the most thoroughly practical, up-to-date authoritative encyclopædic dictionary of the English language ever produced, and is an indispensable comprehensive guide for the Home or Office. With all its wealth of treasure it can yet be

YOURS FOR JUST TWOPENCE A DAY

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS NOW!
Ask for our Special Xmas List.

To FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., Salisbury St., London E.C.4
Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me your FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET and terms of purchase of the PRACTICAL STANDARD DICTIONARY.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
J.B.
You may write in margin below.

A Doorstep Disher

BEWARE of a smartly dressed, pleasantly spoken young man who offers dress-lengths on the door-step.

His visit is usually heralded by a hand-bill announcing a "Great Clearance Sale" of "Mislaid and Delayed Goods," and by the use of such phrases as "Having an Enormous Stock of General Merchandise thrown on the Company's hands, through damage done, delay, and unclaimed," the impression is conveyed that the Railway Companies are employing agents to dispose of material at the best price.

The canvasser, who calls himself a "commission salesman," will produce a length of material, and offer it for £2, promising that silk lining, trimmings and buttons will be included in the price. He may even go so far as to offer a "five-shilling parcel containing a pair of sheets, a pair of curtains and a length of carpet to purchasers of a dress-length."

The handbills bear various names such as "T. Mitchell," "W. Crisp," "Ward and Co.," or "J. Barnett and Co." with vague addresses in London and Leeds. The canvasser may talk of a store "next door to the station at the Angel, Islington," but housewives have no remedy once they part with their money.

A big gang seems to be engaged in this door-step swindle, and it is time the police laid them by the heels.

Secret Diplomacy

THE delegates to the Imperial Conference may be the wisest group of statesmen in the world. On the other hand, they may be quite incapable of solving the grave problems they have gathered together to discuss. But the evil methods of secret diplomacy still hold politicians in their grip.

When people, whether politicians or traders, are afraid to expose their wares in such a manner as to enable everyone to see them, the plain man instinctively feels that the only reason is that the wares are not up to standard.

He smells what, in certain circles, is called a "confidence trick." JOHN BULL has protested, and will continue to protest, against both politicians and traders who pursue such "hush-hush" tactics. But JOHN BULL is equally ready to give credit where it is due. The firms who advertise in our columns do so under the famous JOHN BULL Guarantee.

There is no secrecy about either their methods or their wares. Value for money, and plain and open dealing are their watchwords. Our advertisers' announcements, unlike the meagre "summaries" issued by the Imperial Conference, are well worth reading.

It is well worth your while to read them, for we offer the following prizes for the best statement, *in not more than 24 words* (exclusive of name and address), of what is the best advertisement in JOHN BULL, and why. Write on postcards only. 1st Prize, £5; 2nd Prize, £1; and 50 consolation prizes.

Address your postcards to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, to reach here not later than the first post Wednesday, October 31st.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. — Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 31, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

SHOPKEEPERS, send for Bargain List of Stationery. Xmas Goods for Xmas clubs.—W. H. Jackson and Co. (Dept. J.B.), Grimsby.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERS, Market-Men and Beginners. A postcard will bring you our free list of Remnants and Drapery.—Levy's, Ltd., 30a, Commercial Road, London, E.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

CRYING DOLLS, with real eyelashes. Beautiful Model Dressed Dolls that go to sleep. Character and undressed dolls. Wonderful value and variety. For £5 we will send you the best sample range it is possible for any expert to select at nearly pre-war prices. Carriage paid and case free. Will show you 50 per cent. profit.—Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

AGENCY (Spare Time) offered to energetic and reliable men, regularly employed, to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, etc. Liberal commission. Cash or Easy Payments.—(Dept. J.), Ashby, 39, Friar Lane, Leicester.

AGENTS WANTED.—Enormous success of all Agents for "Imperial Art" Series Xmas Cards, Trade and Personal Calendars, Lease Cards, Wallets, etc. Alluring Sample Album free. Highest commission. No outlay.—Write, Keeno & Co., Publishers, Dept. "B," Hull.

AGENTS AND CANVASSERS are offered wonderful domestic utility article. Nine out of ten housewives will buy on sight. Easy to come for live man or woman. Sample 2d., post free.—Fentons, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A FACTORY IN A KITCHEN.—New, 'asc. well-pd. Home Industry (patented). Stpd. add. env.—England-Richards Co., 40, King's Lynn.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Clerks, Electricians, Fitters General, Fabric Workers, Motor Engineers, Wireless Operators and Power Station tradesmen. Age limits: Ex-Service men, 18 to 39; non ex-Service, 18 to 29; men highly skilled in certain trades up to 39; ex-N.C.Os up to 39 years (with rank according to trade ability). Pay from 31/- to 90/6 per week, on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men 30 and over.—Write, stating age, at call, Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 41, Church Street, Birmingham; 106, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, or 136, Victoria Street, Bristol.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 601, 100, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for Particulars, H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (14 words), 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

START a profitable business of own. No risk. We supply everything. (Enc. stpd. env.)—Morse (H.K.J.), 148, Duke Street, Liverpool.

10,000-WORD new Mail Order Business Guide (illustrated). 1/6. 32-page Catalogue, 2d.—J. & B. Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

BARGAIN SALES.

LADIES' Winter Coats, 4/- monthly; also Furs, Overcoats, Suits, Gramophones, Accordions, Clocks, Watches, Boots, etc. Price-list free.—Masters, Ltd., Rye.

WALL-PAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 2½d. Write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Nunnet Road, Leeds.

GUNS.—Thoroughly reliable, guaranteed English-made double-barrel, 25/- 8s. Single-barrels, 20/-. Cash or gradual payments. Send for list.—Thomas Wild, Whitall Street, Birmingham.

CYCLISTS.—SOME REAL "SNIPS" at slaughtering prices. 1/6 Air Tubes, 10½d. Best Cable Cord Tyres, exactly half-price. Cycle Chains, 1/6. Double Texture, 35/-. Mackintoshes, 12/6. Guaranteed Cyclometers, 2/6. Flashlamp Batteries, 4½d. Electric Cycle Lamps, only 6/6. Cutler Trouser Stretchers, 2/11. Safety Razors, 4d.—For full particulars of these and hundreds more amazing bargains send for Monster 164-page Catalogue and Special Clearance Lists. They're FREE for postcard. Write NOW. It will pay you.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 89, Padiham, Burnley.

ENLARGEMENTS from any photo; beautiful work, 15 x 10 in., 2/-. Send now. Money back if dissatisfied.—Cooper, 121, Gt. Colmore Street, Birmingham.

BOYS' handsome, strong Toy Pedal Motor-cars, 25/-, carr. paid; exceptional bargains.—25, Spencer Road, Seven Kings.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. —47, Swan Inst., Fosting Grove, Portsmouth.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

SCOTCH TWEEDS, Blankets, Wools, Art Silks. Patterns free. Buy direct from Scotland and save middlemen's profits.—Grant (Dept. S), 211, Union Street, Aberdeen.

21/- MONTHLY

buys this High-Grade Light-Weight Typewriter.

OUR special offer of payment by instalments now makes it possible for purchasers to have full use of the machine at ONCE—*and pay for it whilst they are using it.* Students, writers, business and professional people are invited to make full use of this opportunity. It places the famous BLICK UNIVERSAL within the reach of every income—no matter how small. Everyone can afford our liberal terms of payment.

Blick UNIVERSAL

3 Years' Guarantee.

Such is the measure of our confidence in the ability of the Blick Universal to render hard and continuous service, and to stand up to any amount of work you are likely to give it that we include, with every machine, full and complete guarantee holding good for THREE YEARS.

NOW is your Opportunity

A typewriter is a sheer necessity if you have much writing or correspondence to do, reports to make, summaries to keep, MSS. to transcribe. Get a BLICK. Anyone can learn to operate it in an hour. It will relieve you of many hours of tedious labour, and will make letter-writing a pleasure. Anywhere, at any time of the day, the BLICK is an ever-ready and willing servant, always available for transcribing your thoughts upon paper.

BLICK takes up little room in its neat Travelling-case, and will do all that a heavy expensive machine will do. This handsome writing machine will be delivered to you immediately upon receipt of preliminary payment. Booklet No. 162 gives full particulars. Send now.

BLICK TYPEWRITER CO., LTD., 9 and 10, Cheapside, London, E.C.4.

30 Years' Reputation, 3 years' Guarantee

3,000 MONEY-SAVING BARGAINS! Illustrated in H. Samuel's world-famous FREE BOOK. Yours for a postcard. Write for it now. It's packed with sensational offers in Jewellery, Watches, and Plate at next to Factory Prices. Free prices for all buyers. Solid Gold Bracelet Watches, largest selection in the country, for 68/6. Pocket lever, 12/6; Plated Cake Basket, 12/6; Tea Knives, 6/6. Amazing value. Full month's trial any article. Write to-day.—H. Samuel, 100, Market Street, Manchester.

CYCLISTS!—Write "Catalogue, Please," on a postcard for "The Cyclist's Bargain Book." Amazing reductions in prices of "Captain" Cycles, Tyres, thousands of accessories and Home wants. Fitzpatrick every time for GREATEST POSSIBLE VALUE. — H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 88, Burnley.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory Direct. Enormous Saving! AGENTS WANTED.—Stamp for Lists (L.) and particulars, British Boot Co., Bristol.

STAINLESS CUTLERY. — Gratis; CATALOGUE, giving splendid assortment, all prices, cheapest to best.—Lynwood's, Ltd., 166, Wardour Chambers, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Bacton Road, London, S.W.8.

BOOT SOLE PRESERVER.—D.S.P. makes soles more durable, keeps shoes smart, not adding thickness. Waterproof, non-slipping. Promotes health, comfort. Halves repairs. Easy to use. 1/-, post free, from Dean and Co. (Dept. 10), Leicester.

FANCY Leathers, 18 lovely colours, 9d. sq. ft. Ladies, send 2½. stamp for set of patts.—Catt, Leather Works, Northampton.

BUY Knitted Goods in Scotch Wool. Children's Caps, Coat Leggings, 1/11. Cardigans, 12/6. Black Botany Hose, 2/3, 3 pairs 6/3. Satisfaction or cash returned.—Mason, 18, Cragside Gardens, Kirkstall, Leeds.

MUSICAL.

BOYD PIANOS, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours from Boyd, Ltd., (Dept. 60), 43, Holborn, London.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Hlld. Catalogue free.—Dewhine, 90, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

PLEASANT EVENINGS AT THE PIANO.—These winter evenings, if you do not play you wish you could. I will teach you. If you play, you realise your faults and fail to interest listeners. I will make you play better from the first lesson, so that difficulties melt away and friends will want you always, and you will be satisfied with yourself. I have so taught thousands. Age and occupation no bar. Get to know more. My book FREE. Just a card (Mrs., Miss, Mr., or Mr.), and one word to suit your case—Beginner, Elementary, Moderate, Advanced to Mr. H. Becker, 69, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS Concertinas, Banjos, Mandolins, Violins, Jazz Outfits, Phonofiddles, Mouth-Organs, Auto-Harps. Write Lists.—Vicsers, Royal Hill, Greenwich, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

ENERGOTS BRING HEALTH, clear eyes, faultless complexion, strenuous vitality, strong nerves, perfect digestion, and a happy disposition. One tablet only. Trial box (30 tabs.), 1/6.—Energots (Dept. J.B.), 12, Beaborough Gardens, London, S.W.1.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Richard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds, containing good, sound advice and special information of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 60-62, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H. Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance, New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1783C), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy." 3/6 btl., p.f., or write for partics., "Routers," 31a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Bacton Road, London, S.W.8.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

FREE BOOK, entitled "Tobacco Habit Curative Method," smoking, chewing, antidote cure. —York publications, 3, Cannon Street, London.

ADENOIDS and Polypi cured without operation. Month's supply, 13/6.—Laboratory, 63, Newport Street, Bolton.

A NAVAL OFFICER DISCOVERED "KI-UMA," the tropical Herbal Ointment which quickly cures Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Swollen Joints and Feet. Thousands of successful cures. Antiseptic, harmless, stainless. Large sample tin 1/3, post free, from Ki-Uma, Ltd., Bath.

VARICOSE VEIN CURE.—Entirely new. No Stockings, Bandages, Operations, Resting. Elasto Tablets make elastic fibre, enabling the body to restore elastic action to the veins. Also cure Bad Legs, Piles, etc. Send for FREE Sample and "NO CURE—NO PAY" terms, or 5/- for month's treatment, to NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 25M), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

GET WELL Permanently — the "Nature Science" way—no drugs or exercises. Send 1½d. (postage) for booklet.—Mr. B. Scott, 47, Huddlestone Road, London, N.W.2.

SKIN DISEASES, Psoriasis, Eczema, Bad Legs, completely and permanently cured by Kurem Home Treatment. Free Book sent under plain cover.—Write, J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kurem House, BRADFORD.

SEND for Valuable Book, "Everyday Ailments," containing over 100 pages, explaining how to cure with Herbal Remedies. Three penny stamps for post.—Hall's Hygiene Co., Ltd., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

STUBBORN SKIN DISEASES.—New, unfailing discovery. "Yroc" positively cures—and banishes for ever eczema, bad sores, piles, etc. Scarless healing. Boxes 1/3, 2/6 & 5/-.—"Yroc," 230, Great Lanes, London, N.4.

A BOOK on Herbs. How to blend, make and take them. Sent free.—Write for one to Secretary, 61, Holme Top Street, Bradford.

GLAND Treatment for restoring health and removing signs of age now available. Guaranteed harmless.—Pathological Laboratory, 500, North Circular Road, Dublin.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

FREE SAMPLE of Cow & Gate Milk Food will be sent if coupon on page 26 is posted.

WHERE YOU FIND WHAT YOU WANT.

It's pleasurable and entertaining to look around the shops, but just as sure and easy to secure bargains through "John Bull's" Advertisement Columns. When you have scanned these Small Ads., turn to page 4, Read each offer carefully and see how money can be most wisely spent. The "Qualitor" Easy Chair illustrated here looks jolly comfortable, and the price is just as "easy." Canaries that are warranted to sing are offered at 10/- by Chapman's, who are well known for reliable talking Parrots and all kinds of birds.

Definite PROOF that YADIL cures Consumption

Grateful Mother's convincing Letter to JOHN BULL.

The Editor of "JOHN BULL" has received the following letter from Mrs. EDITH JOHNSON, of WHITBY:—

3, Abbey View, East Cliff,
Church Lane, Whitby.
October 8th, 1923.

SIR,

In your valuable paper I read six months ago of the Antiseptic 'Yadil.' My eldest boy, aged nine, was Consumptive, and only in Easter week was given up by one of our leading Tuberculosis Specialists as "incurable"; but reading of this, and knowing it to be genuine (for all JOHN BULL Adverts. are so), I started him with it. Now, after six months' treatment, *my boy is well.*

Last week the same Specialist examined him and would hardly believe him to be the same boy. He told me *the boy had not one single sign of consumption* left anywhere about him; that his whole system was perfectly cleansed and healthy, and that his was one case in a hundred. *Thanks to 'Yadil.'*

Please make this known in your own blunt manner. . . . .

Yours sincerely,
(*Signed*) EDITH JOHNSON.

NOTE.—The original letter, which is entirely genuine and unsolicited, may be seen by anyone interested on application to the Advertisement Manager, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE case referred to above is by no means unique; indeed, instance after instance is being reported of people declared to be on the eve of death who have been saved by taking 'Yadil' as a last desperate resort.

Mrs. Johnson is a reader of JOHN BULL and her letter is quoted here to bring home to the millions of other readers the plain, simple truth that Consumption can be cured—and that 'Yadil' will cure it.

'Yadil' cannot possibly harm the system. It is of purely vegetable origin, its basis being essential oil of garlic with the "bite" and after-taint removed. It is not a drug nor a medicine, but an internal antiseptic, its action within the body being equivalent to the action of carbolic acid in a drain.

'Yadil' Antiseptic will make the British Isles the first country in the world free from Tuberculosis.

I make this definite statement on the strength of personal knowledge and of reports received from doctors during the last seven years. I want every sufferer from the scourge to have a copy of my new booklet in which I explain why, and how, my antiseptic will stamp out tuberculosis in three years. I send it post free on receipt of name and address. Write to-day.

'Yadil' Antiseptic is obtainable from all Chemists, or direct from CLEMENT & JOHNSON, LIMITED, Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1.

MEDICAL 'YADIL'—
Liquid, 2 oz., 2/9; 6 oz., 4/9; Pint, 12/-; Quart, 22/6.

VETERINARY 'YADIL'—
Liquid, 2 oz., 2/-; 6 oz., 3/6; Pint, 9/6; Quart, 17/-.

All sizes Post Free on receipt of remittance.
For abroad add 3/- for extra postage and packing
THE WORD 'YADIL' IS REGISTERED.

'Yadil' Antiseptic is equally effective in all Animal Ailments. Literature on request.

Pronounce it YAH-DIL.

W.B.P.

Vol. XXXIV. No. 892.
Week ending Saturday, Oct. 27, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9855
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People—— the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

A Chance for Neville.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain is already saying there is no chance of reduced taxation, but he has before him the Treasury estimates. If he takes his courage in both hands and insists on drastic reduction in Whitehall waste, he may yet surprise both himself and the taxpayer.

A Verbal Smoke-screen.

To Sir Montague Barlow the words "Empire" and "Emigration" are as blessed as was "Mesopotamia" during the war. But they are poor substitutes for policy. We should prefer to hear him talk about developing Britain.

Our One Statesman.

General Smuts, to whose influence the Irish settlement was largely due, has determined to force the Imperial Conference to tackle the Reparations problem in earnest. It is the first time there has been any real hope of a sane and forward policy.

Our Turn Next?

The war that was to make the world safe for democracy has resulted in the abolition of Parliament in some half-dozen countries. The British House of Commons has fallen into disrepute. Is it also to go? On the next session hangs its prestige—if not its existence. The people are tired of sham.

A Hollow Victory.

Herr Stresemann has got the dictatorial powers he wanted, but Herr Stinnes still remains the "power behind the throne." A German Government that really meant business would put him on trial for high treason.

Stolen Goods.

A million and a half tons of steel are lying in the Ruhr ready for export to this country at cut-throat prices. It is the penalty of our feeble Ruhr policy that this danger has arisen. Nevertheless, the Government must see to it that this steel does not come. Let those who stole it keep it.

The Coming Crisis.

The inevitable result of the French policy in Germany has arrived: all through the country there is a strong movement in favour of a return to the Monarchy. Unless a settlement is speedily arrived at, the Allies will be faced by a far more serious problem than reparations.

Follow Spain's Example.

By forbidding any person who has been a Minister to become a director in any firm having dealings with the Government, Spain has put an end to a scandal from which we too suffer. It is a subtle form of political corruption we could well do without.

The Beginnings of Sense.

By refusing to boycott German goods the Drapers' Chamber of Trade has put the first nail in the coffin of the silly idea that reparations can ever be obtained from a dead Germany. The sooner Germany is again a buyer and seller in the open market the sooner the problem will be solved.

Another Pious Resolution.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks says slums must be cleared out. We agree. We also agree that new houses must be built. Now suppose he stops talking and DOES something in the matter?

A Crushing Burden.

Out of every £1 paid in taxation 14s. 7d. goes to pay for old, or to prepare for new wars. And yet some people want us to add to this burden more food taxes! We *don't* think!

Getting Down to It.

A Russo-British Company has been formed to ship Russian grain to Europe. Sooner or later the Government will be forced to give official recognition to such an obvious piece of commonsense. Why not do it now?

An Illuminating Discussion.

To the farmers who want the millers to use more English-grown wheat the millers retorted, "Grow better wheat and we will!" It is an answer in a nutshell to the demand of the farmers for subsidies and protection.

Why Not Follow Suit?

A good deal of work could be found in this country if our armament works were to follow the example of Krupps and turn to the manufactories of peace. No doubt they'd like another little war—but they merely delude themselves if they're thinking that.

Bad News for Food-sharks.

Queensland's proposal to open shops in England and sell frozen meat at cheap prices direct to the public will do more than any amount of pious Governmental "reports" to bring the butchers to reason. Nothing like healthy competition to check profiteering.

Cheek and Impudence!

Bradford-made goods are to-day 120 to 130 per cent. above pre-war prices. No wonder the wool merchants want Protection! But the consumer is not the fool they think him. If they want more trade there is an easy way to it through reduced prices.

The Blame Is Theirs.

The complaint that the public will not buy "Grade A" milk while they can get "milk" at a lower price is no argument. The fault lies with the Government for permitting any differentiation. All milk should be Grade A.

Asking for Trouble.

The panel doctors are on risky ground. It would be easy to scrap the present system and evolve a better one. Such a reply to a doctors' "strike" is not impossible.

Still At It.

Over 500 British and Russian emigrants have been refused admission to America, arriving too late for the "quota." Time the Government took action to prevent the steamship companies playing ducks and drakes with these poor folk.

Take Notice!

No further passports for British emigrants to America are to be issued till the start of the new quota period, July, 1924. Those of our readers who are contemplating the adventure should make a note of this fact.

The Singapore Ramp.

Sir Percy Scott now says the expenditure on the Singapore base, the object of which has not been disclosed to this day, will be anything from 30 to 50 millions. He rightly characterises it as a dole to the native unemployed. Parliament must insist on this mad scheme being scrapped.

The Death Traps.

Mr. Robert Smillie is asking for no more than justice when he wants the nation to protest against the continued slaughter of miners. These terrible accidents can largely be prevented. Legislation is needed, and Parliament must see to it.

Time to Act.

Surely the Government can bring pressure to bear on the employers who persist in locking out the boiler-makers? Already the dispute has cost millions of pounds and thrown thousands of other men out of work. A way out of the deadlock must be found—and quickly.

A Wise Leader.

We sympathise with the railwaymen who are being asked to scrap some of their agreements, but we heartily endorse the views of Mr. J. H. Thomas, who deplores their readiness to rush into a strike instead of arguing round a table. The N.U.R. is lucky to be led by such a clear-sighted general.

What Is Wanted.

The scandal of artificially inflated food prices has reached the stage when action is imperative. There should be an Anti-profiteering Bill to set up tribunals with power to inflict imprisonment in proved cases of profiteering.

A Danger to Free Journalism.

The vague terms of the Bill to prohibit the reporting of the details of divorce cases do not please us. Such matters should be left to the discretion of the papers. If they overstep the bounds of decency the authorities always have a legal remedy.

A Growing Menace.

What are the authorities doing with regard to the "British Fascisti" who are making steady headway in organisation? We have no room for secret societies in England, and we want to see firm action taken before it is too late.

It's So Simple.

The Irish Free State has imported a German army bandmaster. Now that he is domiciled in Ireland he is free to land without challenge at any of our ports. That is one way of evading restrictions on aliens.

Look Higher.

The police are now after some of the fraudulent football bookies; but when they are at it perhaps they will look into the scandal of the persons who set up these men of straw on a commission basis, collect their share of the spoil until the crash comes, and then wash their hands of all responsibility.

Mild.

It is all very well for the Treasury to follow up our recent hints about the money-lending evil in Whitehall with a circular forbidding Civil Servants to take part in it inside. Something more than a circular is wanted to deter those who are agents on commission of notorious usurers.

Passport Forgery.

Passport forgery is so perfect that even the most expert officials are deceived. Recently it came to the ears of the authorities that two passports were in use with the same Series Number. The innocent owner of the genuine one was arrested and the person using the bogus one was allowed to leave the country after being warned about the other one.

Massage Establishments.

The campaign of the London County Council against the extortionate charges of barbers and masseurs is quite commendable, but they must not overlook the greater evils. Even now some of the massage and manicure establishments in their jurisdiction are too disgraceful for any respectable man or woman to enter. The L.C.C. must not mistake the shadow for the substance.

Brave Burnley!

Forty Burnley people stood on the banks of the River Calder, and not one of them would lend a hand to James Duerden to draw the body of poor Sarah Bowes out of the water. They insisted that it should be left in the water until the police came along, though not one of them knew for certain that the woman was dead. What a callous crowd.

If You See It In——!

On the evennig of our last publication, Sir Douglas Hogg, Attorney-General, held forth at Caxton Hall, the text of his speech being Mr. A. G. Gardiner's article on the snaffling of the Press of the country by Lord Rothermere. And on the same evening Sir John Simon, talking of the danger of Imperial Preference, used almost our very words on the subject! Verily, if you see it in——!

Hospital Shortcomings.

A woman who had a fit and became unconscious after giving birth to a baby was taken in an ambulance to the King's College Hospital, where she was refused admission. She was then conveyed, still unconscious, to the Lambeth Infirmary, where it was found necessary to perform an operation. The hospital authorities say they could not admit her because their maternity ward was abnormally full, but surely a bed could have been found for her somewhere.

Risking Children's Lives.

The stability of Cross Roads School, East Fifeshire, is imperilled by the underground mine workings of the district, but members of the Fife Education Authority are ready to risk the lives of the children by carrying on attendance in this ramshackle building. The Convener of the Works Committee admits that the school is not absolutely safe, but almost in the same breath suggests continuance until a new building is obtained. This playing with fire must be stopped.

What a Life.

There may be a "home for little children," but it is sometimes hard to find. Abandoned by her callous parents when she was three, a Swansea girl was passed on to gipsies, tramped ten years with them, was handed over to pedlars who deserted her at Newport, where a woman took charge of her and put her in a nigger boarding-house. Her cries attracted the attention of the first Good Samaritan she had met, with the result that she is now in a good home. About time she had some luck!

The Sins of the Sons.

Aberdeen seems to believe in visiting the sins of the son on the father. John Morrison, eleven, did not go to school, so his father after whom he is named, a man aged seventy-three, who has no fewer than twenty-three children, was fined £1 or the alternative of five days in prison. He said this son was the first to give him trouble. How lucky for him with twenty-three of them, and magistrates with hearts of granite!

Kindness in Court.

That even bewigged judges can be human was proved by Mr. Justice Shearman's kindly consideration for a woman defendant at Oxford. When her baby continued to cry in court this humane judge suggested that she should take it outside and soothe it. Not only did his lordship reveal that a warm heart beats behind the crimson robe, but in this way administered a just rebuke to the mother who was being charged with neglect of that baby.

"People of the Abyss."

Llangollen claims to be a health resort, yet in its rural district eleven poor people are compelled to crowd into a two-roomed tenement. Mr. A. E. Price, the owner, has not the heart to turn them into the street, but he might ask the electors to do that with the other members of the Llangollen Rural District Council (on which he has a seat) if they neglect to provide the poor families with proper homes.

Off, Stanley, Off!

A. H. Stanley, who unsuccessfully applied at Lambeth County Court for possession of a house he had let to J. Morris, has had a shock. When his own solicitor said he had refused to reduce the rent when the rates went down, Judge Parry stigmatised the action as "a case of piracy." "The suggestion that the tenant has no right to benefit by a fall in the rates is montrous," he added. Stanley tried it on but it hasn't come off!

Where Their Caravan has Rested!

How a Birmingham family of five manage to live, move and have their beings in an old disused furniture van is both a mystery and a scandal. Five other families exist in exactly similar "housing" conditions, with tarpaulin and canvas the only protection from the weather. Fortunately for Mr. Baldwin, they believe in tranquillity. What would Joe Chamberlain say of this in his constituency?

Rent Act Roguery.

Judge Greenwell at Newcastle County Court last week uttered a timely warning to any person who obtained possession of his house under the new Rent Act by falsely representing that he required it for his own occupation, and then re-let it after a short interval, pointing out that such a person was liable for damages. "If I catch a case of that kind I shall make the damages as heavy as I possibly can," he concluded. We hope he will.

The Babes in the Ditch.

The fairy tale of the Babes in the Wood comes from Norfolk, but there is no nursery touch about the grim and sordid story of the babes in the ditch that was told to Terrington (Norfolk) magistrates. One baby of nine months and another not yet two years old, were taken by Walter and Louisa Freeman to live in an open ditch. The husband received three and the wife four months' imprisonment. Even animals are kinder parents than these two inhuman creatures.

Children's Death-traps.

Glasgow has just completed an exhaustive inquiry among elementary school children as to the connection between housing and the death-rate. The children died where the slums were thickest. In Manchester slums the death-rate among children is double that of the whole city. Liverpool's consumption rate was reduced by three-fourths when a certain slum area was cleared. When officialdom wakes up to the significance of such facts, unemployment and the housing shortage will vanish together.

The Air Ministry's Way.

Recently two young flying officers were killed in India through the crash of a machine whose engine was unreliable. They had the usual military funeral, and their parents in London were told that they might have their personal effects on forwarding or giving a guarantee of payment for the burial. Thus do our officials harrow the souls of the bereaved.

Incest Rampant.

A terrible story of sordid life was unfolded at Portsmouth when Arthur and Beatrice James appeared in answer to a serious charge. Both are children of the same mother and yet can produce a properly authenticated marriage certificate as man and wife. More appalling is the fact that there are three children of this union. There should be closer inquiries into the antecedents of persons applying for marriage certificates.

Toll for the Dead.

While a poor fellow lay dying in a Leicestershire village he heard his own passing bell tolled; next day he read in the papers that he was dead; and on the third day he gave up the ghost rather than disappoint the intelligent anticipators. What tactful people we have among us! Even the funeral was bungled, for the grave was too small for the coffin.

Like Herrings in a Barrel.

The shamefully inadequate accommodation on many excursion trains is a public scandal and a moral menace. At night, between Liverpool and North Wales towns, men and women, youths and girls, have been obliged to travel huddled 18 to 20 in a compartment under conditions that should never exist. If human beings were animals, railway companies would be prosecuted for cruelty.

The Doctor's Dilemma.

Haunted by the grim horror of a living death, Mrs. Harrington, of Battersea, disappeared from her home. So far no trace of her has been found beyond that of the dead body of her baby. Troubled with neuralgia, she was told by some fool of a doctor that she had a tubercular spine. For whatever tragedies may result we cannot hold that blundering medico guiltless. His name must be disclosed and his actions investigated.

A Y.M.C.A. Doss-house.

No one recognises more than we do the good work that was accomplished by the Y.M.C.A. during the war, but we fear their principles have sadly deteriorated during the peace. At Waterloo, for instance, they charge poor homeless wanderers 1s. 3d. for cubicle accommodation little better than that of a common doss-house. When we remember that for 8s. 9d. a week a working man can rent a comfortably furnished room, this looks to us very much like profiteering in the name of Christianity.

The Menace of Limehouse.

Last week, in warning the authorities of the recrudescence of the dope traffic in Chinatown, we referred to the many white women being again enlisted into the service of those who live on this pernicious trade. The case of an East End woman, Britannia Williams, since sentenced to nine months for supplying cocaine, confirms our warning. This woman had previously been convicted and had returned to the game. There are others. We look to see them dealt with in the same way.

An Australian Scrounger.

James Day, an Australian crook who obtains a living by the meanest of heartless tricks, was sentenced to "six months' hard" by the Glasgow Sheriff, and well he deserved it. To draw and appropriate to his own use the hard-earned wages of a Glasgow fellow-worker who was lying ill in bed, to impose on a poor widowed landlady of Edinburgh, and to rob a boy friend of his savings in Australia are but a few of the exploits of this arch-rogue. When Day leaves prison, Botany Bay ought to be his destination.

They wrote to "John Bull"!

Among the many little things we did for our readers last week were the following: Pension renewed to a soldier's widow who "sinned" but has made good; pension and allowance granted to a D.C.M.; pension of an old bluejacket increased, and a life allowance granted.

A Farmer and Filth.

Perth County Council have failed in their duty in not prosecuting a filthy farmer in their area. This agricultural profiteer evidently pays more attention to his bawbees than to the welfare of his workers, for he herded into one unclean apartment, devoid of all conveniences, 20 of his potato gatherers, eleven males and nine females! Health and Factory Acts evidently do not worry this unclean hound. Why was his name not published?

Not a Machine.

John Edward Cox, a colliery timberer of Hanley, was suspended for two days by the Shelton Iron and Coal Company for refusing to work on a fall of roof in the pit after his allotted seven hours' shift. He said he was physically incapable of doing so, but the Company contended he should do so or be liable to dismissal. The Court upheld Cox and awarded him the two days' wages. So now we know something a boss can't do!

Master and Maid.

A local paper at Bury St. Edmunds recently contained the following announcement: "Wanted, a Good-looking Girl, about 18, as Parlourmaid; good wages, two evenings out, but no followers; master at home most evenings. Photo requested." It is not surprising that the advertiser did not disclose his name and address, but concealed his identity in a box number. We should want to know what sort of chaperon there was in the household before we allowed a daughter of ours to accept such a situation.

And a First Offence!

When at Enfield, Susan Chalkley, aged 53, was charged with stealing £2 from her employer, Mrs. Wright, she admitted the theft, saying she took the money to pay her debts. Although Mrs. Wright pleaded that she should be bound over, the woman herself made a pathetic appeal to the magistrates, and the police stated that nothing was known against her, she was sent to prison for a month. This truly seems a case where justice might have been tempered with mercy.

Crippling a Charity.

Last year £500 was raised for the Printers' Pension Fund through the medium of a sweepstake on the Cesarewitch. This year an effort was made to raise the same or a greater sum by similar means, but the Authorities stepped in and declared the sweepstake illegal. Cannot the Authorities confine their activities to stopping swindling sweepstakes which are carried on all over the country for the personal profit of the promoters without crippling a most deserving charity in this fashion?

Forgetful.

Vernon Theophile of Camden Road, Holloway, is a Roumanian roadhog, of which we might well be rid. After driving his car in a particularly reckless manner in Perthshire, he ran down and injured a cyclist named Murray, causing him serious injuries, which kept him from work for two months. Theophill promised the prostrated Murray that he would bring a doctor, but evidently forgot his mission when once he had left his victim. The fine of £20 imposed by the Perth court was farcical in its leniency.

More Magnetic Mug-hunters.

Several martyrs to rheumatism, after reading our recent exposure of the Electrological Institute (J. L. Pulvermacher, Ltd.), of 56, Ludgate Hill, have written to ask our opinion of the British Electric Institute (Ajax, Ltd.), of 25, Holborn Viaduct, who are equally busy sending out a "Helping Hand Offer." There is so little difference between the methods of the two concerns that they might well be described as the Siamese twins of magnetic quackery, and we do not advise dealings with either.

Methylated Spirits.

Inspector Howard of the Liverpool Constabulary declares that bad as is the cocaine trouble the drinking of methylated spirits by women is an evil even worse. There are in Liverpool houses where twenty or thirty women will forgather with no other purpose than to drink themselves into a state of madness by means of this crude spirit. While the police are investigating this awful state of affairs, we suggest it is high time some restriction was placed upon the sale of the spirit.

Pat Barrie Not to Blame.

Pat Barrie came specially from France to warn us that a trio of rogues had set up an office in a mews at 43a, Brick Lane, Hyde Park, and were sending out circulars and tips in his name. He at once informed the police of the impersonation. By the time the latter arrived on the premises, however, the birds had flown. Barrie wishes it to be known that he has nothing to do with any tipping business whatsoever.

Hunnish Pollution.

In spite of all we have written on the subject, Paul M. Rebenstock, the lecherous Leipziger, continues to flood the country with his postcards offering "Real Hot Stuff" photographs. Numbers of these cards have found their way into our wastepaper basket, and we suggest that any of our readers who receive them in future should forward them to the Postmaster-General with their comments. If we receive many more of them we shall have to disinfect the office.

Problems of Life.

SENTIMENTALITY AND SENSIBILITY.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

SOME college instructors tell us that any sign of sentimentality in addresses to girl students at the present day is received with derision.

The grandmothers of these young people, it is said, were crammed with sentimentality, but the rising womanhood of our time will have none of it.

There is both gain and loss in this change of reaction to the stimulus of life: gain in honestly facing facts, loss in refusing to feel deeply about them.

Some people deny that there has been any change at all; feminine human nature, they maintain, is much the same as ever and we can continue to expect the same things from it.

This kind of talk itself partakes of sentimentality, for it is not quite sincere; it is an attempt to drape truth in the colours of convention, which is the very thing our daughters are revolting against.

There is always a false element in sentimentality; it is the assumption of what we are expected to feel rather than of what we really do feel.

The Germans are a very sentimental race though not imaginative: the French are imaginative but not sentimental.

German sentimentalism could strike medals and write poetry glorifying the sinking of the "Lusitania": French realism could see that vile deed for exactly what it was and no more.

English sentiment sometimes gets in the way of English interests; we are not as ruthlessly practical as our emotional neighbours across the Channel, though we like to believe that we are more so.

What we need is less sentimentality and more sensibility.

Sensibility is the alliance of feeling with imagination and judgment.

Sentimentality allows fancy to usurp the place of reason: sensibility never does.

We do not want to grow a race of cold, hard-featured men and women who are disillusioned with everything. See life as it is, but remain capable of tears and laughter.

The Cambrian Trust Again.

It would appear that the recent ranting, roaring campaign of the Cambrian Trust, Ltd., to sell £5 plots of alleged oil lands in Arkansas has not met with so much success as might have been feared. People who were trusting enough to buy a single plot are now receiving a preferential offer of nine more plots at a similar price. Our advice to them is to keep their money in the bank.

Fortunes for Fools.

"I have now perfected what I feel to be one of the most profitable and acceptable forms of Homework one could wish for, full details of which I shall be pleased to furnish anyone with on receipt of a fee of 10s." Thus F. Rendle, of 22, Park Road, South Wanstead, London, in a circular entitled "A Turn of Fortune's Wheel." Only fools will send Rendle 10s. without knowing what he is likely to get for his money.

"Styles—and Stiles."

Last week we exposed the methods of the City of London Co-operative Stores, of 74, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4, and criticised their want of good form so far as ordinary honesty in business is concerned. A winding-up order has now been made for the compulsory liquidation of this concern on the petition of a judgment creditor for nearly £2,000. There are some forms of co-operation in which it is obviously unwise to co-operate.

Coutts Turning Yankee?

Percy Coutts, the Holborn fee-snatcher, has evidently found his field of activities in this country somewhat restricted as a result of our repeated exposures, and is seeking pastures new in America, where he advertises offering his services to ambitious men seeking appointments in any part of the world. If he thinks he can find fools in the States, well and good, but he will not receive much of a welcome from our many readers in U.S.A.

Lino and Lies.

Two young men, one of whom poses as the foreman of a firm of linoleum manufacturers, may call at your door and offer a piece of floorcloth which they say is a remnant left over after laying some in the neighbourhood. They will collect the money for it, promising to return the next day and lay it, but after examining your purchase you will discover that it is much smaller than they they said it was, and you will never see the obliging lino-layers and liars again.

The Only Cure.

The Carlton Chemical Co., Ltd., Guildhall Buildings, Birmingham, advertise a cure for drunkenness, and inform inquirers that the charge is 27s. 6d. If it were possible to guarantee a cure, the price quoted might not be considered extravagant, but in our experience the only cure for drunkenness is to abstain from drinking, and we have yet to hear of any chemical compound that will reform a drunkard. We advise poor people not to spend their hard-earned money on "Dipsocure" or any other mysterious nostrum.

"Bonus Tea Bunkum."

M. Gilchrist, of "The Empire Supply Stores," 100, Bain Street, Glasgow, is one of the latest entrants to the bonus tea business. His circulars state that agents and travellers have no authority to say when or to whom gifts are to be made, but one of his canvassers promised a Stirling reader a cash bonus of £2 on condition that a pound of tea was purchased weekly for five weeks. As the price of the tea is 3s. 6d. a pound, such an offer is absurd, but ignorant people may easily be misled by such bunkum.

Webber's "Competition."

A reader who recently advertised for employment was astonished to receive an illiterate screed from an individual named Webber, who styles himself "Hon. Sec." of a "Slum Children's Outing and Clothing Fund," which he appears to have established in a single room at the top of 5, Dorset Street, Fleet Street. He mentions a projected "Ballot competition" for which tickets are to be sold, but the "Fund" does not seem to be connected with any established charitable organisation, and we suspect that the only person likely to benefit is Webber himself.

Goals, but No Gold

THE football season has brought in its train the old story of winnings not being paid by "accountants" who run betting-coupon systems.

Joseph Cowen, who operates from 22, Orange Street, London, W.C. 1, tells his agents, who continue to receive coupons, but no cash, for their winning clients, that he is the victim of other people's carelessness.

One who received instructions to pay out £8 5s., wrote pointing out that no money-order had reached him. Cowen replied that he could not understand this, as the money had been sent, but unfortunately the clerk who had charge of the account was away on a holiday. Would the agent deduct the sum from the next week's stake money?

The agent would not, and so far he has not received it from Cowen.

Another agent who was instructed to pay out £2 5s., but found no remittance, received a similar reply, the blame in this case being put on the Post Office. He, too, has been unable to obtain the money, though Cowen promised him a cheque and said he was applying to the Post Office for a refund.

Clifton Gray, of Stanley House, Sherwood Street, W.C., frankly confesses that he has not got the money with which to pay his winning clients. Several of his agents have received a circular which says:

"Your winning statement for Saturday is enclosed, but I very much regret that I have to inform you that on account of the heavy winnings throughout the country, I am unable to send you remittance this week and must ask you to be good enough to allow me a month in which to settle." The clients are still waiting.

Charles Leonard, 4, Kenilworth House, Kenton Street, W.C., adopts a different method of avoiding payment. He admits receiving the stake money, but cannot trace the receipt of winning coupons, and so returns the amount with many regrets!

Alan Campbell, 46, Churton Street, Victoria, S.W., is another of the grab-all gentry who works the same dodge. We have also received complaints regarding his non-payment of bets on horse-racing.

William Barnes, who calls himself "Proprietor and Editor" of "The Anglo-Belgian Gazette," is stricken strangely dumb when clients happen to win. One complaint against him comes from a widow with three children who has had transactions with him, but cannot get a reply to her appeals for settlement.

C. Mason, of 100, Euston Road, London, N.W., concerning whom we received complaints last year, is again at his old tricks of taking all that comes his way, and failing to pay out.

Finally, we may mention H. Smith, of 382, Greenland Road, Darnall, Sheffield, who, after agreeing to accept commissions from a reader refused to pay out winnings on the ground that "if Mr.——'s commission had lost it was a thousand to one we should not have heard from him again."

His Excellency—the Patriarch

GETTING on in life, achieving position and distinction, are very nice things. Nor does this apply only to commerce. As this article shows it is equally true of the religious vocation.

ROMANCE is all round us if we have the ability to see it. The story of Dick Whittington, the poor boy who grazed his way to London, accompanied by his cat, and became Lord Mayor, may at any moment crop up again in history, which, everybody knows, repeats itself.

A case in point, though not quite on all fours, is the rapid and dazzling progress of a farmer's boy from Cambridgeshire. A few years ago he came to London, without even the proverbial solacing and encouraging cat. To-day little Jimmy Banks of Wisbech is a great man, in many ways a much greater man than Dick Whittington.

Young in years, not much more than a beardless boy, he is already heavily weighed down with titles and honours, and distinctions. He is the leading light in a new brand of theology, a brand new brand of religion.

By various swift and dazzling steps he became first a Curate, then a Priest, then a Bishop, then an Archbishop, then a Primate, and now he rejoices in the impressive dignity of being "His Excellency the Patriarch-Elect of Windsor"!

It is a great career to have achieved in a few years. It does not lessen his enjoyment in this staggering series of promotions to reflect that he made them all himself. When he got tired of being a Bishop he simply appointed himself an Archbishop. When he got tired of that he jumped up another step.

If he cannot shake off his tendency to getting bored with stagnation, he will probably make another jump and blossom forth as the Pope of Windsor, or, it may be, the Super-Patriarch of the Whole World. His further step will then naturally be to take charge of the Next World, after which staggered imagination can follow him no further.

In the meantime, it may interest poor, dazed and sinful humanity to know that Jimmy—we call him that for short: he calls himself the Rt. Revd. James Bartholomew Banks, D.D.—has a church of his own at 21A, Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C.

It is an ordinary room fitted up as a church. Jimmy calls it his Oratory. There he sits beside the High Altar, on an Archiepiscopal Throne. And not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like Jimmy Banks.

He wears a purple chasuble. He sits on a scarlet cushion. He has a scarlet hassock on which to rest his hyper-prelatical feet. Over his Throne is a large gilded crown. Round his waist is a girdle, round his neck a golden tassel and a jewelled cross. On his head is a magnificent gothic mitre, and in his hand a gorgeous crozier. He makes poor old Solomon look as mean as a tailor's dummy.

Such a career, so brilliant, so rapid, so triumphant, ought to produce in religious circles a most profound impression. It is sad to say that it doesn't. Leaders of religious thought do not hail Jim as another Cardinal Manning, or another Cardinal Newman.

They merely want to know who ordained him, in other words, what right he has to these titles of eminence and dignity which he collects with such lavish and persistent prodigality, just as more humble folk collect picture postcards or stamps or snuff boxes.

Jimmy is coy about explaining this.

It is this reluctance, no doubt, that prevents religious circles from paying appropriate honours to Jimmy. It does not prevent him from cherishing further ambitions. Next month he is going to be crowned with a real golden crown.

After that, perhaps, he will get some golden slippers, before he starts climbing up the golden stairs, two or three at a time, in his pleasant acrobatic way. He has rich people behind him, so he is going to have a bodyguard. The Pope has one, so why not Jimmy?

He is going to dress them in blue coats, white breeches, blue caps, and Sam Browne belts, and they are to be the inner guard of a new British Fascisti movement, to save the British Constitution, under the ægis and the Gothic mitre of Jimmy-Mussolini-Banks, His Excellency the Patriarch of Windsor.

We ask him publicly who created the See of Windsor? Windsor is the home of King George V. By what right, except that of illimitable impertinence, does Jimmy Banks propose to tag it as a tassel to his Maiden Lane crown?

His "Church of the Great Sacrifice," where he can marry people and ordain priests, is obviously the home of rapid ecclesiastical promotion. Otherwise, it is not known, as our Special Commissioner has found, to Roman Catholics, or Old Catholics, or Anglicans, or Dissenters. Where, then, does it get its authority?

Until this question is answered, the Rt. Revd. Jimmy, Excellence and Patriarch and Apprentice-Pope, must pardon us for regarding him as a mountebank, a religious charlatan and a swell-headed, purple-chasubled golden-crowned, Preposterous Crank.

Gatherum into the Fold!

OMNIUM Gatherum, says the Latin dictionary, means a miscellaneous gathering, and it adds that gatherum is not a proper Latin word, but is merely latinised humorously from "gather."

It seems to us, however, that gatherum is a very proper word to describe a concern called the Omnium Trust, which, if not a miscellaneous collection, is certainly a miscellaneous collector of other people's money.

We are glad to think that we have not the dishonour of claiming the Omnium - Gatherum, - etc., - Corporation as a British institution. It is an American concern. It hails from a place called Phœnix, in Arizona.

According to its own statements it was incorporated there in July, 1918, and had a subscribed capital of over £2,000,000. What did it do with this two million pounds? Heaven knows. We don't. We know what it did with some of it.

In the interests of Anglo-American friendship it came over here and opened a registered office at 245, Oxford Street, London, W. In order to do this it had to get under the guard of Somerset House, that citadel of the Board of Trade which pays a legion of officials and does not protect the investing public.

The Omnium Gather 'em, to improve its title, flourished a few papers before the dazzled eyes of Somerset House, and then set to business to rob the simple-minded Briton. It advertised in the Press an elaborate system by which investors could acquire its cinema bonds on the deferred pay system of a shilling a week.

People who put down their shillings were going to be told how to turn them into dollars, by obtaining shares in a list of theatres to be acquired by the Corporation on the omnium - gatherum principle and a share in three large estates in Yorkshire, Wiltshire and Norfolk, which the Omnium Trust declared they had acquired.

The Omnium lot of wide-mouthed American sharks had no theatres in this country, and they had no estates, but they got hold of the hard-earned shillings of hard-working, but not hard-headed, British people.

They collected the weekly instalments with politeness and regularity. Then one fine morning they closed down their desks in Oxford Street, shut the door, and disappeared.

Their dupes wrote and asked for their money back. Their letters were returned, "gone away."

Gone away, vanished like their mythical theatres; disappeared like their vast estates in the innocent, simple, pastoral English shires; gone away, festooned with English money, to take back and be divided amongst the American millionaires in Arizona.

What has Somerset House to say about it? Why did it allow these impudent American grafters to come here to rob and plunder? Will it let them come back from Phœnix, Arizona?

The Phœnix was the fabled bird of antiquity which perished in its own flames and rose again from its own ashes.

If Somerset House can do nothing else of practical value, surely it can take this hint and warning.

A Diary of Doom

WRITTEN secretly in the ward of a London infirmary, amid suffering, cruelty and death, here is one of the most moving human documents we have read.

IMPORTANT changes in the whole system of Poor Law administration are pending. They cannot come too soon.

We suggest to the authorities that a beginning might well be made in connection with the treatment meted out to patients—both paying and pauper—at some of our large infirmaries.

From a respectable and educated woman now holding a responsible position in London, we have been given a moving story of her experiences during a three months' stay in one of the largest of these institutions in the Metropolis.

A diary of her infirmary days, kept unknown to the ward sister or nurses, tells its own sad tale:

I was suddenly seized with a serious heart attack and general breakdown. The hospitals were full, and I was taken in a taxi at my own request to —— Infirmary. My bed was placed between two troublesome patients.

One of these was sitting up in bed praying to the devil and tearing at the blanket. The following day she was strapped on an ambulance and removed to the Observation Ward, where she died that night. Opposite my bed was a poor old thing suffering from dropsy, and patiently awaiting every day an operation to relieve her agony. Each afternoon her white-haired husband was allowed to visit her—and it was pathetic to see the old Darby and Joan, she with her arm around his neck.

He was out of work and had to walk a long distance to and from the infirmary. One afternoon he brought two eggs someone had given him, and the poor woman kissed him fondly and said: "You want them more than I." He left, but he never saw her alive again. The nurse took away the eggs later and said, "No one is allowed to bring eggs."

The doctor had ordered brandy and milk for this poor woman on the previous day, but she never got it. An hour after the poor old fellow left she appeared to be in great pain and collapsed. I called the nurse and said: "That poor woman is very ill, nurse." She said: "She is not half so bad as she makes out." Twenty minutes later she brought some milk, but the poor woman was too far gone to swallow it; it ran out of the corners of her mouth. Then the nurse pulled the screens round the bed and called the ward sister, but the woman was dead when she came.

The ghastly operation of laying out the corpse started behind the screens, and soon the poor creature was wheeled out to the lift on her way to the mortuary. This was at five o'clock, and at five o'clock the next day the poor old man, his beard and shoulders covered in snow, walked in as usual and made his way to the top of the ward, only to find the bed empty.

His tears ran down his cheeks and he was unable to speak when the nurse caught sight of him and said, "You ought to have had a postcard this morning, but they forgot to send, it!" Poor Darby and Joan!

One night an elderly woman of most respectable appearance was brought in and placed in a bed near me. The nurse put a head-rest behind the patient and made her sit up rather than lie down in the bed. The woman complained of cold, and the nurse said, "Don't let me tell you again; you must sit up."

One morning, a week later, the woman begged the scrubber to give her some water, but she said: "The nurse will be here presently, and you can ask her." When the nurse did come she turned furiously on the old woman, shook her violently by the shoulders and said, "Sit up, I tell you." The woman could not speak, but pointed to the open window at the head of her bed, and the nurse shook her again. She never got her drink of water.

Presently I called the nurse and said: "That poor woman is dying," and she replied, "Who do you think you are—the ward sister?" But she saw that the woman was, in truth, dying, and she pulled the screens together and called the ward sister, who pulled down the window blind two minutes later, and we knew then that the poor creature was dead.

This death made a terrible impression on me, and I spoke of it the next night to the night sister, a charming Scotch lady. She said, "Yes, I have heard about it, poor thing. The nurse went by the assistant doctor's diagnosis, heart disease, but the death certificate gives it as pneumonia."

The nights are terrible. Though the beds are exceedingly comfortable, sleep or rest is impossible. Some poor things are in pain and cry out, others are disturbed by the sad wailing of the little meningitis sufferers who are placed in vacant beds in the women's wards.

The day-room is damp, dark and gloomy and badly ventilated, and is lit only by a window looking out on a roofed-in terrace. God help the aged and chronic cases who have to spend the rest of their days in such depressing surroundings.

The Missing Madonna

MRS. TRUMP, of "Askerlea," Lyme Regis, Dorset, put an advertisement in a local paper, offering a Madonna wristlet watch for sale for £1, approval.

Mr. Norman Rivers, of 1, Broadmead Road, Torquay, wrote for the watch, enclosing 25s., as the owner had explained that she was loath to part with it, being hard up.

A watch was sent, but not the one advertised. It was returned with a request for the restoration of the cash. Another gilt watch was sent, together with an imitation pearl necklace and a paste ring, none of which were acceptable.

One can understand people being hard up and being loath to part with their property. But one does not expect to find people in these circumstances endowed with such a bewildering variety of spare jewels. The explanation is that Mrs. Trump's husband is a dealer in cheap jewellery which makes it more pathetic to think of Mrs. Trump being loath to part with possessions in the cheap jewellery line.

The Trumps apparently are both in this business of selling the jewellery that Mrs. Trump is so loath to part with, and Mr. Trump wrote to say that he would not return any money, but would exchange goods instead.

This gave no pleasure to Mr. Rivers, who was just as loath to acquire the cheap jewellery that Mrs. Trump was so heartbroken to part with, and in this combination of mutual loathing he sternly insisted on getting his money back, and wrote to the Dorset police.

The police interviewed the Trumps, and informed Mr. Rivers that they had received numerous complaints as to Mr. Trump's dealings, and added that Mrs. Trump was not, in their opinion, a genuine hard-up person. But as it was not clear that a criminal offence had been committed, they advised resort to a civil action.

Mr. Trump does not appear to be very much perturbed at the prospect of civil litigation. He wrote to Mr. Rivers to say that he had nothing, that he hadn't done any work for nearly two years, and that there was a bill of sale on the furniture.

We accept, unreservedly, Mr. Trump's assurance that he has not done any work for nearly two years. He appears to restrict his activities to forms of trade which bring him to the attention of the constabulary.

Moreover, he has a gay, insouciant and defiant mind. He tells Mr. Rivers, in a picturesque phrase, with which apparently he was not very loath to part, that "you can't have a shirt off a naked man."

It is a sad picture of the indigent Trump without a shirt and with nothing to cover his nakedness except bills of sale.

But there is another and a much more painful side to this picture. Mr. Norman Rivers, who cannot get his money back, is a blind man. His wife screwed and saved for months to buy this watch as a surprise for her blind husband.

And the law can do nothing! It is high time that a wider definition was given to the offence of obtaining money by a trick.

Old Shylock Shamed

THE "Money and Loans" columns of several daily papers contain an announcement which is a little different from the rest. It reads: "If you want the best terms, a select office, with privacy, you cannot do better than apply to J. Smart, Ltd., 187, Edgware Road, London. . . . Do your business with an Old-established English Firm and secure a straight deal. Write, or better still, call."

We propose to acquaint our readers with the sort of "straight deal" they may expect from these fine old English gentlemen.

For some time past we have been receiving complaints of their fee-snatching propensities; but their shameful treatment of a struggling business woman in the provinces puts in the shade even their customary exploits in this direction, and stamps them as super-sharks among the Shylock fraternity.

This good woman wrote to them asking their terms for a loan of £80, explaining that she was prepared to hand over as security an endowment assurance policy for £150.

They at once replied saying they had no doubt they would be able to arrange the loan on satisfactory terms, and asked for £4 8s. 10d., their charges in connection therewith, to be sent by return.

Unused to the ways of money-lenders, the woman asked them to deduct their charges from the amount of the loan. This they of course declined to do, and repeated their request for payment of the sum in advance.

A couple of days later a representative of J. Smart, Ltd., announced himself at her door, and surmising correctly that she had applied for the loan without her husband's knowledge, expressed satisfaction at finding he was not at home.

After taking stock of her furniture and remarking with approval how nicely her home was kept, he asked her if she would accept a loan of £60 instead of the £80 she had applied for. She at once agreed to take the smaller sum, and he then asked if the £4 8s. 10d. had been posted the previous night, as, if so, he had been instructed to advance the money straight away. As he said this, he played his trump card, displaying a roll of notes.

The poor woman again begged him to deduct the charges from the loan, but he was adamant, and urged her to borrow the amount somehow and send it on, promising that she would receive the advance by return.

She confided her trouble to a neighbour, who lent her the money to enable her to secure the advance.

By return of post she received—not the loan—but a demand for the names and addresses of three sureties.

Unable to comply with this demand the poor woman asked for her money back. She might as well have tried to get blood from a stone.

The "Old-established Firm" had made another "straight deal."

Cock of the North

SOME people never know when they are beaten. Such people won the battle of Waterloo. Sometimes also such people meet their Waterloo.

William Taverner, that hardy annual of impudent fraud, has just met his. He has been on tramp to explain to simple souls his great schemes for giving ninepence for fourpence, for making shillings into pounds, and pounds into ten pound notes.

He has been hampered in his enterprises by the fact that JOHN BULL has given him publicity, not that he deserves, but that he badly needs in the public interest.

We have explained how this canting humbug, who opens his flat-catching meetings with prayer, is an "old lag," who has been sent to jail for offences in connection with investment ramps.

Some time before his trial we sent a complete dossier of his activities to the Public Prosecutor, and we can therefore understand why he does not love us, but certainly does fear us.

In the hope of getting beyond our sphere of influence he recently took a map of the British Isles and, after studying it carefully, decided to hold a public meeting—in the Shetland Isles, furthest and most distant part of the Kingdom. Ultima Thule, the Romans called it, and it was their term for the most remote and inaccessible place in the then known world.

Taverner, believing that JOHN BULL did not circulate in these far-off, rock-bound islands, cut off from the world by recurrent gales, decided to hold his meeting there. There, at least, he thought, amongst the simple islanders, cultivating their ponies and clipping their wool, he would be safe from the sword of Damocles and the reach of JOHN BULL.

He was painfully and dramatically undeceived.

His meeting was called by a circular dated from the Baptist Manse of the Burra Isle, and signed "H. Reeves." As he had not given his name to the simple islanders, he possibly thought they would not be rude enough to ask it.

They did. A newspaper man, the Editor of the *Shetland News*, got up and put Mr. Taverner through it. He asked him was he "Mr. Reeves." Taverner bleated that he was not. He asked him was he Mr. Taverner. He bleated that he was. He asked him was he the same Mr. Taverner who got fifteen months. He admitted that he was.

After that the meeting broke up and left William Taverner standing explaining his merits, his virtues, his sufferings, to a receding audience.

He was even less fortunate at Scalloway, where he had to get police protection, and his audience threw eggs and rotten tomatoes at him—three direct hits being registered.

He went to Ultima Thule to make a great hit. He didn't make one but he got three, the only kind of dividend he is ever likely to achieve.

Exit, or rather, eggs-hit Taverner.

Slavery Under the British Flag

THE public will learn with dismay of the treatment being meted out to the heroes of the "Trevessa"—the men who were applauded so short a time ago.

THREE months ago the world was reading with admiration the gallant story of the *Trevessa*, a glorious triumph of seamanship. We are proud and grateful to think that this heroic feat was the work of British sailors, the lineal descendants of Drake and Nelson.

Feted and congratulated, the broken men reached home. After a few weeks to recover from their dreadful ordeal they turned again to their life's work. Public gratitude is short-lived. Shipowners are busy men. The heroes of the *Trevessa* tramp the quays of our seaside ports looking for work, and looking in vain. One young officer has had twenty refusals to his applications. He has had sympathy for his plight, admiration for his courage, but no encouragement to his pathetic appeals for work that his family may be kept out of the workhouse.

* * *

Let us look at the other side of the picture. In the great ships that carry the British Flag over the Seven Seas, and earn huge dividends for the shareholders, there are tens of thousands of yellow men, and coloured men, and lascars, in steady employment.

They are cheap, both in wages and in food. They are docile, and easily satisfied with their conditions. When the hour of danger comes they are liable to panic, as we saw in the terrible story of the *Egypt*.

The war was not won at sea by coloured cooks or Chinese coolies or lascar deck hands, but by British seamen. The war is over. Men who hold captains' certificates are going to sea to-day as sailors before the mast, glad to earn a few pounds to keep their homes going. They are the lucky ones.

* * *

Thousands of their comrades ashore are tramping the docks seeking the work that is not there, and becoming steadily more depressed and discouraged and demoralised. Many of them have been forced to resort to the "dole," that last indignity for the splendid seamen who faced the German submarines time after time, and never once refused to sail again.

The answer of the shipping companies is that the work is not there, that the ships are laid up, and that the depression which the Mercantile Marine is suffering is one of the inevitable consequences of the war.

* * *

Even if that were true, it would not justify acts of petty meanness. During the late dockers' strike, the officials of a great shipping firm approached the officers and the apprentices with the request that they should help the company by acting as stevedores and discharging the perishable cargo.

Officers and apprentices, trained to stand by their ships in an emergency, set to work at the laborious task with good will. They had understood that they would be recompensed for their toil. When their claim was sent in, not by themselves, but by the officer clerks, the officers were allowed forty shillings each for practically ten days' work, or roughly four shillings a day.

* * *

Four shillings a day for skilled navigators, working in an emergency as dock labourers and navvies! It would not pay for damage done to the uniforms spoilt in the work, uniforms which the officers have to buy out of their own resources.

Treatment of this kind comes on top of exacting conditions to which, in most cases, no other word can be applied but slavery. In a great proportion of ships that sail under the British Flag, the officers have to work eighteen hours a day for seven days a week.

The Board of Trade has issued enough certificates to man our ships twice over. These are the conditions that invite low pay, long hours and overwork in a profession in which the responsibility is often greater than men can bear.

During the war the great shipping companies, after they had paid excess profits, showed clear net profits of over £100,000,000, or nearly seventy per cent. In some cases these companies have doubled their capital by a bonus issue to the shareholders from undisclosed reserves.

If you are going to pay huge dividends on inflated capital you must charge high freights to earn those dividends. And, if you charge high freights, you restrict trade and traffic falls off.

The shipowners' reply is to lay their ships up, a step that throws the seamen and officers of the Mercantile Marine out of work. That is why the heroes of the *Trevessa* are tramping the quays dispiritedly in search of employment.

That is why gallant seamen in thousands are to be seen queueing up outside the shipping offices in our great ports, many of them painfully striving to hide their rags, to suffuse their pallid features with the "cheerio" smile they refused to lose in the dark days when Germany's campaign of frightfulness on the High Seas sought to bring us to our knees and starve us into submission.

* * *

That is why, while coloured men and yellow men and aliens are serving on British ships, and our own seafaring countrymen are agonising ashore, we say that the state of the Mercantile Marine to-day is a crying shame and scandal.

We call upon Sir P. Lloyd-Greame, President of the Board of Trade, to hold an immediate and searching enquiry. This country will not stand for the continued ill-treatment of the men who saved it.

Thrown Out of Home

A VERY distressing instance of the poignant tragedies of poverty comes to our notice from the Luton district, the victims being a Mr. T. P. Osborne and his wife and four children.

During the war Osborne was engaged in agricultural work which was admitted by the military authorities to be of immense value to the nation. But with the cessation of hostilities he struck a very bad patch, and, for the past thirteen months, has had no income whatever.

Matters became aggravated by the difficulty to secure housing accommodation, and eventually he was able to settle his growing family in the lodge of the large estate owned by Mr. Charles Ireland, of Toddington Park, Luton.

Until his little hoard of savings became exhausted, Osborne paid his rent regularly, as is proved by the receipts, but since July he has been unable to do this. Then trouble came—savings gone, no work, rent in arrears, and the eldest boy hobbling about with a terribly crushed toe.

Mr. Ireland, who had been appointed a local Wesleyan preacher, considered it to be in conformity with his idea of Christian charity to give Osborne a week's notice to quit.

Osborne, naturally, felt that this was the end of all things. But worse was to follow. On the expiration of the notice, his youngest boy was seized with such excruciating pain that he had to be taken to Dr. Fawcett, who immediately ordered him to be put to bed, preparatory to a serious operation.

Imagine the anguish of the mother and the bitterness of the father when they arrived back home with their suffering child, to find that their little home had been put out into the pouring rain, and their other boy, with nothing but a bandage on his foot, was lying on a mattress under the trees.

Near by stood Mr. Ireland in conversation with the Rev. S. Lewis, the Wesleyan minister.

It is not our wish to be unduly censorious, but we feel that this Wesleyan preacher will have as much difficulty in explaining away his conduct as in pacifying his own conscience.

Meanwhile, the District Nurse had to get the stricken child into the Bute Hospital and, as local Wesleyanism was not capable of providing shelter for the homeless family, a poor war widow, named Jellis, tucked the children into her bed while the parents slept on the hearthrug.

It is to be hoped that Osborne will soon be rescued from his slough of despond and the face of Luton thus be saved.

What's Wrong With Marriage?

by The Rev. W. POOLE, D.D.

WE are at a critical stage in the marital relations between man and woman. The altered conditions of the world have made for changes in our domestic life, and marriage on new, startling and experimental lines is a feature of to-day. The whole problem is dealt with in this gripping article.

SURELY no one will be regarded as a howling pessimist for saying that there is a tremendous lot wrong with marriage. The "cuckoo optimist" with his serene reliance on *laissez faire* methods and belief in a tendency towards improvement may be positively mischievous. The grotesque method which shelves this question as unpleasant is unworthy in this hour of crisis.

The ancient Hebrew oracle and modern science are agreed in this, that maleness and femaleness are complements in the constitution of animal life. Common experience joins with ancient Hebrew oracle and modern science in asserting that complete man requires the blending of sex attributes. Creationally the male and female require each other for their completion. Racially they must mate. In mating, the man and the woman become physically and ethically one flesh.

They two constitute the one gateway into life on this planet. The physical urge to parenthood, the passions which prompt men to beget and women to bear babies are primal, powerful, and indispensable. If these incentives to parenthood should weaken, disappear, or be overmastered by the now clamorous demand for universal use of birth control, all our human problems would be speedily and finally solved.

THE fact of parenthood is behind them all—both race perpetuation and the worth of the race perpetuated. The measure of intelligence with which these sentiments are understood and guided determines not only the fact of human society, but also the savagery or refinement of the civilisation which that society chooses to make.

Provision by the community for the meeting and courtship of its young men and women measures the level of community sentiment towards this process of incalculable social importance.

Boys and girls come up through youth to early maturity, citizenship, and parenthood hopelessly uninformed, or viciously misinformed, concerning things which they have most right to know fully, and without compelling motive ruling their intelligence. If the policy of silence led parents to sow to the wind, they and all society are now reaping the whirlwind.

THE present state of affairs might possibly not have become so disastrous if young people had been taught generally to know the difference between a wedding and marriage, and for this ignorance Ministers of the Gospel must take their share of blame.

Marriage is a process. A wedding is an event. Anyone appointed by law can perform a wedding ceremony to legalise or solemnise a marriage, pronounce the sanction of society and the Church upon the mating of a man and a woman; but they, ministers or civil officers, cannot marry anyone. If a man and woman want to marry each other, it is their task to fulfil the conditions of the process by which two lives are blended into one, and two bodies become in every respect one flesh.

THIS process is continuous—a process of subordination of each one, not to the other, but to their union, which is the home. Where two persons are wedded, but this process is thwarted, they are living in a state of moral adultery, even if their cohabitation is made legal by a civil contract. If this union of wills persists, a union of persons is effected during the passing of the years.

In their physical parenthood their union is physically consummated in relation to the race; in their moral parenthood the fulfilment of paternal and maternal relations with their offspring; their ethical union is consummated with relation to society and civilisation. If the union of wills is baulked for any cause there can be neither union of persons nor personalities; they do not blend but clash more or less noisily.

The breakdown of the Church as a public institution contributing to public welfare is nowhere more marked than in her past failures to teach the truth which has most of all to do with human happiness and well-being. The fact that Protestantism rejected the sacramental view of marriage is no excuse for almost unforgivable ignorance and unconcern toward truths so close to the foundations of individual and social welfare.

THE deplorable facts of the whole Divorce business do not rise at the Court-house, but at the Church-house, and no amount of zeal to get people marvellously converted will ever excuse one minister at the bar of final Judgment for failure to do his part in helping young folk to be intelligently fit for marriage and parenthood. Religion in some quarters, at least, has been so occupied with futurism, and education with symbolism, that the priceless arts of parenthood were almost never brought to the knowledge of young people.

They blindly blundered into parenthood, and with sinking heart see the parental folly too late. The urge of the procreative instincts lies wholly outside of intellect, and depends not at all on how much or how little one knows. "No one is ever old enough to know better." Young folk and older folk are able to exercise self-control and hold steady in circumstances where control and steadiness are hardest, not by reason of any quantity of knowledge, but by motives rooted in the emotional groundwork, which underlies action.

CANDOUR compels the admission that a stark realism, untouched with any redeeming sweetness, has robbed marriage of its romance and spiritual beauty. An adroit evasion of the spiritual has left the relationship sadly weakened. Marriage is often regarded as respectable when it is as loveless and legal as a partnership contract to peddle fish.

The marriage is almost never thought of now as a means of sanctification; it is a convenience subject to sexual compatibility. Compliance with legal requirements and no thought of sacredness is mainly sought. If home-life becomes increasingly pagan, civilisation is menaced most hopelessly.

A London evening newspaper recently contained an article which contended that in present economic conditions marriage cannot be the old rigid institution of our fathers. It went on to say: "No doubt what we call modesty will suffer some shocks and virginity will no longer be woman's marriage certificate." Such lowered standards, the surrender of sanctity, and the corresponding looseness of living, contribute largely to the tragedy of much married life.

IF sexual promiscuity and barnyard ethics increase much more, social honesty may compel the legitimating of polygamy and polyandry. Pagan polygamy and the frequency of modern divorce is often only the difference between the marriage team, tandem or abreast.

Sweeping condemnation of all divorce is easy, popular, and foolish. Divorce is often a women's protective tariff against male brutality, and a man's final recourse against incurable female desire. The male brute and the female animal, not the divorce, are the real problem. All the laws of marriage or divorce capable of being compiled will never prevent vulgar ignorance from prostituting possibilities of utmost happiness, and making of them a living hell.

Needless ignorance and callous indifference to the simplest truths of sex physiology and sex hygiene probably account for more applications for divorce, and for more family rows that never get up to the Courts than all other causes combined. Untold numbers of physical and mental invalids should be saved to health and happiness by a community sentiment which would insist upon definite preparation for parenthood before ever young folk are permitted to marry.

The Rev. W. Poole, D.D., of Christ Church, Lambeth, one of the most eloquent preachers of the twentieth century.

The facts involved in the possession, exercise and control of primary organs of sex must be fairly presented, and kept free from the speculations of prurient curiosity. The hectic pace of modern life is a powerful stimulus to its selfish urges.

If the Medical Profession, in addition to implanting monkey glands to rejuvenate old age, could suggest some method by which the interval between the emergence of sex consciousness at adolescence, and its normal satisfaction at the time of marriage could be shortened, they would be rendering a world-service of particular worth at this time.

In order to secure a true foundation for marriage, the following suggestions may be found helpful:

(1) The subordination of material conditions to the social and spiritual values of the family.

(2) The subjection of the animal nature of mankind to the service of mankind through family relations.

(3) The basing of the family life itself upon some specific form of unselfish service which is peculiarly its own.

WHILE the family is founded on the biological fact of sex, its main function is not the gratification of sex impulses. Social science finds that the chief function of the family is to reproduce both human life and human society with all its values. It has been a favourite theory of certain writers in the psychology of religion that most of the phenomena of religion spring from sex and sex impulses. However, it is not in mere sex, but rather "parental care," which is the foundation of intimate social life and of unselfishness.

The whole family life must be put upon an ethical intead of a selfish basis. Marriage itself should come to symbolise both in the minds of the contracting parties and the community, full consecration of life to the service of the race. Its basis should not be mere fancy, or passion, or even romantic sentiment, but an unselfish love which leads to a true and free consecration of life to the promotion, not only of the welfare of the parties themselves, but of society.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. GENERAL SMUTS, K.C., Imperial Conference.

DEAR GENERAL,—If you go on getting any more feathers in your cap you will need a larger headgear. But good luck to you in any case. They say that, having contributed largely to the Irish Peace, you have now a plan up your sleeve to settle German Reparations. Let us see it. Our own statesmen have been haggling over this problem for years, and look like haggling over it for ever. If you can bring an invigorating breeze from the African veldt that will help to dispel the mists that lie over Central Europe, you will have deserved well, not only of your own country, but of the British Empire. Heaven knows, our statesmen need a little driving force. You have got it. In the colloquial phrase, "That's the stuff to give 'em!" JOHN BULL.

To EVAN WILLIAMS, Esq., Coal Owners' Association.

SIR,—Statistics show that the profits of the colliery proprietors of this country have risen since last year by over 200 per cent. The wages of the miners have risen by less than 6 per cent. Is this fair? The dangers of the miners' calling have not decreased, as the tragic story of Falkirk proves. The public pays too much for its coal, and it is not any the better pleased to think that the miners, who risk their lives to get it, are not sharing in the prosperity. JOHN BULL.

To PHILIP SNOWDEN, Esq., M.P., Tilford, near Farnham, Surrey.

SIR,—When I read that your house had been entered by burglars, and a quantity of clothing and silver stolen, I was inclined to extend to you my sympathy. Luckily, however, I refrained from hurting your feelings in this way, remembering that, as you have so often advocated a division of wealth, the burglar's action in removing some of your own must have been more of a relief to you than a catastrophe. Doubtless, if you had encountered the intruder, you would have heaped further valuables upon him to the poor fellow's embarrassment! JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS, M.P., Postmaster-General.

SIR,—You tell us that you cannot restore the penny post. Your predecessor, Mr. Kellaway, says that you can. The truth is that we have to pay three-halfpence for our letters to make up for the loss on our telegrams. Obviously it would be better for trade to have a penny post, even though telegraphic facilities cannot yet be improved. Such a reduction would be a boon to everybody who has a business letter to write, clearly the greatest good of the greatest number. Look into it again, use your imagination, and help us out of the rut of trade depression.

JOHN BULL.

THE OLD DONE COW!

THE MILKMAN: "I cannot carry on with less milk than I've been getting."
FARMER BARLOW: "Another little drop won't do her any harm."

(As a prelude to the announcement of the Government's £50,000,000 unemployment scheme the Chancellor gloomily predicted no hope of reduced taxation.)

To the Rev. R. W. CUMMINGS, Vicar of St. John's, Ashton-under-Lyne.

SIR,—I see that you are permitting your church at Hurst to be used to further the great Soviet movement, and allowing Mr. Newbold, M.P., to speak in it on "The Coming Crash," which he explains as Capitalism reaching the end of its frenzied career, and digging its own grave from pole to pole. Perhaps your job will be to conduct the burial service. Do you think class hatred should be preached in Church? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. N. CROWE, Secretary, National Cyclists' Union.

SIR,—People will think more of your intelligence if you talk less nonsense. You say that cyclists don't want, and don't need, to carry red rear lights. They certainly don't want, and don't need, to be run over. The red light is for their protection. It is not a brutal tyranny imposed upon them by a malicious motoring autocracy. Think the matter over. JOHN BULL.

To Sir RICHARD V. N. HOPKINS, K.C.B., Chairman, Somerset House.

SIR,—When you have a moment to spare, and it is your business to get it, look into the Moneylenders' Department of your office. Mrs. Alice Dunning, of Hayle Street, Southwark, committed suicide because she was over-head in debt to moneylenders, which her husband knew nothing about, and which she could not face out. Poor, unhappy woman, another victim of the Hidden Shylock who extorts his pound of flesh and hounds his victims to the grave by his merciless demands. You ought to be able to suggest rules that will rope in these blood-suckers who evade registration. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT CAVE, G.C.M.G., Lord Chancellor.

MY LORD,—Joseph Rose, a bank manager, was prosecuted at Tottenham for alleged perjury. The magistrate held that there was no case, and dismissed the charge. In spite of that, he was again brought up at the Old Bailey before the Recorder, Sir Ernest Wild, who warned the grand jury to be very careful to see that the great powers they possessed were not abused. This double prosecution is permissible under the Vexatious Indictments Act. I suggest that you should get this anomaly removed. JOHN BULL.

To the Earl of JERSEY, The Jockey Club, Newmarket.

MY LORD,—Nobody believes that because a man sells tips his horses have a better chance of beating animals belonging to other owners, but many people believe that a man who is permitted by the Jockey Club to own and race horses is in a better position to give tips than a man who is not. That is to say, the tipster-owner is making the Jockey Club an advertisement for himself. You are right to stop it. Keep the "sport of kings" clean. JOHN BULL.

To Captain Sir WILLIAM NOTT-BOWER, Commissioner of City Police.

SIR,—The Sunday morning scandal of the East End bird market, in the Petticoat Lane area, horrified the world. At any moment these ruffians may repeat the scandal unless you improve the policing of this dark spot—Dog's Row. But, apart from that, in Heaven's name do something to mitigate the sufferings of the poor pets—dogs, cats, rabbits, white mice, pigeons, canaries and singing birds, cooped together in cruel congestion, suffering and alarmed, in a condition which is a disgrace to common humanity. Dog's Row is off the beaten track. It ought not to be ever off the policeman's beat. Put this Animals' Inferno in order right away. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

A RACE WITH STARVATION

Better Emigration

IT is impossible not to sympathise with Mr. Clynes, who deplores the fact that we are losing by emigration many of our best men and women. Yet we fear there is no help for it. On the one hand, the Motherland is unable under existing conditions to support her population, and however much Mr. Clynes and his colleagues of the Labour Party may dislike to admit it, these conditions cannot be altered by the wave of a fairy wand.

On the other hand, the Dominions, if the Empire is to hold together, must be peopled by men and women of British birth. Therefore, to stop emigration is neither good sense nor practical politics, but what the Imperial and Dominion Governments can do and ought to do is to make sure that the emigrant gets a square deal.

Here is a task which the Imperial Conference must not shirk. What is needed, if emigration is to be a blessing and not a curse, is proper organisation in this country and overseas.

The old haphazard methods under which men and women have been shipped abroad in droves, is emphatically not good enough.

The letters we are constantly receiving from disappointed emigrants make sorry reading, and there is no doubt that in many cases the officials have been greatly to blame.

It is the duty of the Imperial Conference to devise a well-thought-out programme for the removal of existing evils and the inauguration of a better state of things.

Borstal's Birthday

LAST week saw the twenty-first anniversary of the establishment of Borstal treatment, or to give it its full name, the Borstal Institution for the Treatment of Juvenile Offenders. The system started well, but we fear that like many another promising juvenile, including a great many for whom Borstal professes a special care, it has been sadly spoiled before its twenty-first birthday.

The bonny babe has grown into an ugly lout. It is said that the "father" of Borstal, Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, who founded the system twenty-one years ago, is extremely proud of his offspring.

It may be doubted whether Sir Evelyn has any first-hand knowledge of the present working of the system. Probably it would surprise him to know that Borstal treatment to-day couples the rigours of the jail with the indignities of the reformatory school.

Our readers know the truth, though they have been spared many of the heart-breaking stories that have reached our ears. At twenty-one it is time Borstal was dead.

And Famine Gets a Long Start!

WELCOME as are the Government's plans for winter work, they are sadly overdue. Of more real help than these artificial schemes is the trade agreement just completed between Great Britain and Russia.

WITHOUT detracting in the least from the efforts of those whose job it is to grapple with an unemployment problem unprecedented in the history of this country, we should not be just, in our opinion, if we closed our eyes to the fact that the proposed schemes are inadequate to meet the situation. The plans are already meeting with much adverse criticism from the business community.

The only thing left is to make the best of a bad job. Now that at length definite schemes of relief have been set in motion, there must not be an hour's needless delay. Speed is the very essence of the matter. It is a neck-and-neck race with starvation.

The purpose of the Government scheme is to find work for working-men, not fat salaries for officials. Also the men for whom jobs are found should be expected to work and not play at them. We do not want to see six men pushing one barrow. It must be "One man, one barrow," and short shrift for the work-shy loafer. In brief, all concerned must unite to make the best of the scheme.

BUT let us be under no delusions as to the true nature of the Government policy. There are two methods of creating employment—the natural and the artificial. The natural method, and the only satisfactory one, is to develop trade and industry, the free exchange of goods and services.

The artificial method is that which the present Government, largely owing to their own lack of foresight and of a coherent foreign policy, have at length been forced to adopt, viz., to offer subsidies to employers of labour as a means of persuading them to launch undertakings which would otherwise be postponed till more normal times. These subsidies will come out of the pocket of the taxpayer, and no one in his senses believes that more than a tithe of the £50,000,000 to be advanced will ever find its way back to the Treasury.

In effect, what the Government is doing is to camouflage the "dole" into the shape of relief works, and since these enterprises cannot be expected to "pay" in the commercial sense, they are to be financed out of taxation.

We do not say that this ought not to be done—it is far better that a man should be working for his living than subsisting on charity—but obviously we cannot go on doing it for ever.

TRUE, a crust is better than no bread, but the nation will not accept this poor instalment in satisfaction of the debt the Government owes to the unemployed millions. Statesmanship should have a wider vision. The people demand of their politicians that they should learn to think internationally, and to seek a solution of the unemployment problem not at the foot of the parish pump, but on the world's highways, where peace follows with laggard step in the wake of devastating war.

The real remedy for unemployment lies in the restoration of world-trade, and from this point of view the tidings of a far-reaching trade agreement between Great Britain and Russia is the best we have had for a long time.

The next thing is to end the chaos of Central Europe and see what peaceful commerce can do to heal the wounds of war. The making and selling of goods is the best means of earning bread and butter that the wit of man has yet devised.

Medical Evidence

THE report of an inquest at Southwark on an eleven-year-old boy who had died under an anæsthetic at Guy's Hospital, has given the public a painful shock. Is there no help for these distressing fatalities?

If this question can be satisfactorily answered, as we sincerely hope it can, it is difficult to account for the increasing frequency of deaths under chloroform. At any rate, we should like to see a more vigilant attitude on the part of coroners, who, in this matter, have a duty to the public.

In cases of sudden death occurring in hospitals, there is an unfortunate tendency on the part of many of these officials to accept what the doctors say at its face value without challenge or inquiry, and then to direct a verdict "in accordance with the medical evidence."

It ought not to be as simple as this. In every case there should be a wholesome cross-examination of the medical witnesses, and where the relatives of the deceased are not legally represented, it is clearly the coroner's duty to undertake this task. In every instance the cause of death should, as far as humanly possible, be established beyond all doubt, and the surrounding circumstances thoroughly probed.

In cases where there is the faintest suggestion of foul play the coroner is invariably ready to discharge his duty as a Minister of Justice. Similarly, he should need no prompting to keep a sharp look-out for evidence of negligence which costs more lives than crime.

Law for the Poor

AT the recent meeting of the Law Society at Plymouth, a London solicitor pleaded for an organised effort by the whole legal profession to assist poor suitors. Was the learned gentleman asking too much? At any rate, it is to be hoped that the suggestion will not be lost sight of.

The hardships of the poor person forced to go to law to obtain or defend his rights are proverbial; while it is equally notorious that the present arrangements for his assistance are entirely inadequate—serving in some cases actually to aggravate his plight. Will the legal profession, with its great traditions, come to the rescue?

It must be said for the doctors, who are unfortunately bent just now on exhibiting themselves before the British public in an extremely bad light, that many of them, including some of the most eminent, do perform many unpaid services to their fellow-citizens. Will the lawyers follow suit?

Just as the great surgeon operates at the hospital without fee or reward, so perhaps the great advocate of the future may deem it an honour to place his gifts at the service of the poor.

Life on 4d. a Day!

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

THE indifference of Society to the sufferings of our poor is dealt with in this moving article. The well-fed mannequins of Mayfair sneer at a Labour Government possibility, but if they realised the hopelessness of existing conditions, they would see that there is a danger of Britain drifting to the verge of chaos.

Lady Bathurst, owner of the "Morning Post," who is therefore responsible for its policy of belittling Labour.

WHEN the *Morning Post*, in its best tap-room manner, takes off its coat to answer the question "Is Labour fit to govern?" a great many people in fashionable London confidently look for some such amusement as their ancestors found in bear-baiting and cock-fighting.

To these people, who much prefer violence to sweetness, and fisticuffs to light, and who are no more fit to lead a great nation in manners and culture than the Bolshevists of Russia are capable of creating a new religion, or the Red Indians of Canada of formulating a new theory of the universe, there is something so intolerably absurd in the assumption of Labour that it is fit to rule Great Britain, that they laugh at the menace as it is presented to them by their favourite newspaper.

I am no more in love with many of the proposals of the Labour Party than these easily satisfied readers of the *Morning Post*; nor do I believe for a moment that the working-classes of the country have any intention of donning the drab livery of State Socialism; but I am quite certain that fashionable people would be better served by their truculent newspaper if it challenged them with the question, "Is Aristocracy doing its duty?" and acquainted them day after day with the inhuman conditions now prevailing in every great city of the British Isles.

IF they knew the disgraceful facts of our domestic situation they might still feel that Labour is unfit to govern, but they would at last understand why it is possible for the suggestion to be made that Labour should govern. In the fierce light of this knowledge, their comfortable world of regular meals, constant amusements, and ordered prosperity would dissolve suddenly before their eyes, and they would find themselves looking at a dark and most cruel world peopled by honest men and brave women who have lived for three years in a state of semi-starvation.

They would realise, if they looked long enough, that the respectable politicians to whom they have given their votes and their complete confidence have not yet proved their fitness to govern a great nation, and that for the vast multitudes of this great nation life is a tragedy of suffering and despair.

MAY I suggest to the *Morning Post* that the sprightly Mr. Ian Colvin should be asked to try to forget Mr. Lloyd George for a few days, and be requested to pack his bag and take a ticket to Jarrow? It would be good for him, and good for the readers of the *Morning Post*, if he went into the dark houses of that grimy town and listened to the wives of unemployed workmen as they discuss the cost of living and the hope of getting work. It would be good for him to look into the eyes of those dragged-down women, so like the eyes of a hunted animal, and to discover from their bitter speech what life has meant for them during the last three years, which he has spent so cheerfully, as the Merry Andrew of Mayfair, in pommelling Mr. Lloyd George and mocking the pretensions of Labour.

Three years of unemployment, three years of semi-starvation, and three years of child-bearing. The wolf is at the door of those slum-houses, but the cradles are never empty. Two-thirds of the population are living on the dole, but the homes are crowded with children. A rising birth-rate, a birth-rate that has "gone up enormously in the past three years of unemployment" registers the misery, despair, and recklessness of these English people. Each child born to a starving mother brings a shilling a week into the home.

A FAMILY of eleven people receives 35s. a week, and with 10s. for rent for two rooms, struggles to exist on 4d. a day for each member of the home. And in this one town of Jarrow, a centre of industry, a place where a part of Britain's wealth is earned, there are said to be 27,000 people living on charity. That is a sample of British government. That is a specimen of life in a great city at the heart of the richest and most powerful Empire known to history. Surely it is time we felt ashamed of such draggle-tailed life in these historic islands and set ourselves to make British humanity a cleaner and a fairer thing?

I am sure that no reader of the *Morning Post* would expect these people to subscribe to the funds of the Primrose League, or to sing "Rule, Britannia" with a convincing heartiness, or to speak of their country with that pious pride and manful gratitude so understandable in the Duke of Westminster, so praiseworthy in Sir Eric Geddes or Sir William Sutherland. But will the reader of the *Morning Post* realise that it is not so absurd as he once thought it that these people should be wondering, after years of misgovernment by the two historic parties of the State, whether another set of men altogether might not make less mess of the national life?

That is the present situation. Democracy is fed up with Victorian politics. It regards itself as the dupe of tricksters, the fool of thimble-riggers, the pigeon of rogues and swindlers. It is sick of the whole thing, sick even with itself, and although it is too sensible to be violent, and too good-natured to be cruel, it is now in a mood of sullen anger which is bad for us all. Day by day it is moving towards political realism.

I suggest to every man who is convinced that Labour is unfit to govern that he should bestir himself to prove to this starving, embittered, and disenchanted democracy that he himself knows how to govern; and let him realise, before he sets about it, that the only proof which will convince these suffering multitudes on that head is the solid proof of a vastly different world from that in which they are now living.

THEY are not Bolshevists, and not Nihilists; but they are beginning to look with an angry vehemence for any possible way of escape from their unbearable miseries. It would encourage them to look in a sane and helpful direction if fashionable society put away its selfish follies for the coming winter and spent itself in service worthy of human nature.

Much might be done to lift the appalling cloud of darkness overhanging our national life if fashionable society ceased to live like an idiot and cultivated the graces of a rational and gentle mind.

Thin

OF all the grotes recovering fro Preference takes fi country would af

I PROPOSE to address my to the women. The men if they please, for I ha to disclose, and what I ha men as much as women. But who in household matters feel in regard to the cost of living it" all the time. It is the man much money in wages as he can; job to get as many useful and modities for those wages as s husband gets £3 a week instea superficially reason to rejoice. cent. better off.

BUT if on going to buy in h she finds that eggs that us are twopence; that the quarter to be 4½d. is 9d.; that a poun used to be 1s. is 2s., that baco up, and all other things are u she returns home a sadder an She realises that so far from bein off she is half-a-sovereign wors learned a lesson in that dry su She knows now that money is symbol of real values, that wh does is to exchange his labour butter, meat, and so on, and t produces less of those commodit he is getting more money is ir understands in some measure w housewife has learned in these day

What the sensible woman is not plenty of money which m but plenty of goods to make her profitable. If goods are scarce,

"Marriage demands that a man and a wife shall live together though they fight like cat and dog."

Faked Divorce Scandal

Hon. Mr. Justice Swift, Judge of the King's Bench Division.

THE public interest imperatively demands the fulfilment of Mr. Justice Rigby-Smith's veiled threat of further proceedings in the Monckton Hoffe divorce case. Mr. Hoffe says that the divorce had been prearranged, and that he had chivalrously confessed marital offences which never occurred, in order that his wife might secure freedom to marry another man. Thereupon the Judge remarks that this was a conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice, and hints that something must be done about it.

What is needed is a boldly blazoned exposure and full, frank discussion of the great social trouble which underlies these marital "collusions" and the urgent force which impels honourable persons to commit perjury for their fruition. Mr. Monckton Hoffe's case has brought the phenomenon into prominence. Now let us have it threshed out. As a preliminary to that discussion I would ask you to realise that less than seventy years ago, in the middle period of Queen Victoria's reign, divorce was unobtainable in England except by special Act of Parliament, and that in all the centuries between the Reformation and the accession of the House of Hanover *only five such divorces were obtained!*

Then a Judge of the High Court caused a sensation by telling a bigamist, whose wife had left him to live with a lover, that before marrying again he ought to have secured a divorce from the ecclesiastical court, a judgment from a court of common law, and a special Act of Parliament. "It is quite true," the Judge scathingly added, "that these proceedings would have cost you many hundreds of pounds, whereas you probably have not as many pence. *But the law knows no distinction between rich and poor.*"

That biting piece of irony produced the Divorce Act of 1857, and since those days our views on marriage and ships have altered conside time is ripe for another jud ment on the lines of Mr. historic irony. If Mr. Monckton H with conspiracy, let us say, the J him: "You have committed a s have told a falsehood for the sa wished and entreated you to sc have therefore committed a crim

"You should have continued woman who had told you that love you. You should have to her within the four walls of prison, enjoying her compani versation, day and night, year in you knew all the time that affection were centred on anot life would have been wretched, tinuous torture.

"But the holy state of ma that man and wife shall live a together, though they fight like

· poor is dealt with
s of Mayfair sneer
ed the hopelessness
danger of Britain

ning Post realise that it is not so
e thought it that these people
ng, after years of misgovernment
ic parties of the State, whether
en altogether might not make
tional life?
ent situation. Democracy is fed
politics. It regards itself as the
the fool of thimble-riggers, the
nd swindlers. It is sick of the
even with itself, and although
to be violent, and too good-
el, it is now in a mood of sullen
d for us all. Day by day it is
olitical realism.
ery man who is convinced that
p govern that he should bestir
o this starving, embittered, and
nocracy that he himself knows
nd let him realise, before he sets
only proof which will convince
ltitudes on that head is the solid
ifferent world from that in which
ng.

t Bolshevists, and not Nihilists;
e beginning to look with an angry
y possible way of escape from
niseries. It would encourage them
and helpful direction if fashion-
way its selfish follies for the com-
pent itself in service worthy of

done to lift the appalling cloud
anging our national life if fashion-
d to live like an idiot and culti-
f a rational and gentle mind.

Things Women Should Know

by A. G. GARDINER

Of all the grotesque remedies ever advocated for a country just recovering from the ravages of war, surely that of Imperial Preference takes first place. The adoption of such a policy by this country would affect every household and every housewife by increasing the price of food.

I PROPOSE to address my remarks to-day to the women. The men may read them if they please, for I have no secrecies to disclose, and what I have to say affects men as much as women. But it is the women who in household matters feel the pinch, and in regard to the cost of living are "up against it" all the time. It is the man's job to get as much money in wages as he can; it is the woman's job to get as many useful and desirable commodities for those wages as she can. If her husband gets £3 a week instead of £2 she has superficially reason to rejoice. She is 50 per cent. better off.

BUT if on going to buy in her weekly stores she finds that eggs that used to be a penny are twopence; that the quartern loaf that used to be 4½d. is 9d.; that a pound of butter that used to be 1s. is 2s., that bacon is up, meat is up, and all other things are up in proportion, she returns home a sadder and wiser woman. She realises that so far from being a pound better off she is half-a-sovereign worse off. She has learned a lesson in that dry subject, economics. She knows now that money is only a variable symbol of real values, that what her husband does is to exchange his labour for eggs, bread, butter, meat, and so on, and that if his labour produces less of those commodities the fact that he is getting more money is irrelevant. She understands in some measure what the German housewife has learned in these days far more clearly.

What the sensible woman wants, therefore, is not plenty of money which may be worthless, but plenty of goods to make her husband's labour profitable. If goods are scarce, money is cheap; the scarcer goods become the more money you need to have until you reach the situation that has been reached in Germany, where money has lost all meaning. The one need is ABUNDANCE. Not abundance of money, for money will adjust itself to the supply of goods; but *abundance of goods*. If there is plenty of meat and corn and potatoes, those commodities will be cheap; if there is a famine, they will be dear and no amount of money will fill the belly. Cheapness is the test of prosperity, for cheapness means *Plenty*; dearness means *Famine*.

No woman needs to be told which way things have gone of late years. The cost of living is 70 per cent. higher to-day than it was in 1914, and though wages have gone up the purchasing power of the sovereign has so diminished that, generally speaking, the worker is no better off than he was then. In many cases he is worse off.

TAKE the miners of South Lancashire, for example. Sixty per cent. of them work on time rates, and their wages are no higher than they were before the war. They earn £2 a week, the real value of which is only some 25s. as compared with the £2 of 1914. The case of the London engineer is no better. The same amount of labour only purchases a little more than half the goods it purchased before the war. It is useless to tell the engineer's wife that her husband gets the same money as he did ten years ago when she knows that it only buys half what it used to.

It is impossible in a single article to go into all the causes of the conditions which are making the life of the English housewife such a burden: but I will refer to one or two of the main ones, and in doing so I will remind her that she is not quite helpless. She has a vote, and if she knows her own business she can make a disturbance with it.

She could make a disturbance, for example, over the milk ramp. Here is a case where a capital commodity of life is made artificially dear by the Milk Trust. That Trust, the United Dairies Company, bleeds the farmer at one end and the consumer at the other.

Mr. Stanley M. Bruce, Prime Minister of Australia, the exponent of the policy of Imperial Preference.

Let me illustrate. A cow produces, say, 600 gallons of milk in a year. That milk reaches the consumer at a price of £60. Of that £60 the farmer, who buys and keeps the cow, feeds it, milks it, takes the risk of losing it, sends the milk to the station, receives only £25; the Trust which distributes it takes £35. It is a monstrous scandal that should be denounced from every house-top. If this monopoly were dealt with, if the distribution of milk were taken out of the hands of the Trust and organised in the public interest, it is estimated that there would be a saving to the country of £7,500,000 a year. The farmer could get a better price and the public could get cheaper milk.

Why don't the farmers demand this instead of raising again the silly cry of protection on corn? Protection on corn would not benefit them, but it would raise still further the price of bread in every household in the land. Was there ever such insanity as this talk of Imperial Preference at a time when every working woman is groaning under the cost of food? Imperial Preference means nothing if it does not mean a tax on food—a tax on corn to help Canada, a tax on meat to help Australia, and so on.

SEE how it works. You put, say, a 10s. duty on wheat from Russia, the Argentine, the United States; and a preferential duty of 5s. on Canadian wheat, leaving English wheat free. What happens? The English farmer can only produce one loaf in five that we consume; but the 10s. duty on Russian or American wheat fixes the price of every loaf that is eaten. What is the use of crying out against the cost of living on the one hand and talking about raising tariff walls to keep out cheap food on the other?

But of course the chief cause of the present high cost of living is the dislocation of world-trade by the policy of M. Poincaré, which keeps Europe on the boil. Water cannot flow freely in channels that are blocked, and trade cannot flow freely when the machine of exchange is destroyed. People are unemployed here because people are starving in Europe. Wheat is dear here because we have kept Russian wheat out of our market. The way to get abundance, which means cheapness, is to get the world busy and friendly again. Until that is done the state of famine will continue, prices will rise, real wages will fall, and unemployment will spread like a plague. That is what "Hats off to France" means.

aked Divorce Scandal

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

's case has brought the phenominence. Now let us have it
s a preliminary to that discussion
to realise that less than seventy
middle period of Queen Victoria's
unobtainable in England except
f Parliament, and that in all the
en the Reformation and the
e House of Hanover *only five*
re obtained!
e of the High Court caused a
ling a bigamist, whose wife had
ith a lover, that before marrying
to have secured a divorce from
court, a judgment from a court
and a special Act of Parliament.
e," the Judge scathingly added,
edings would have cost you many
ounds, whereas you probably
ny pence. *But the law knows no*
n rich and poor."
piece of irony produced the
1857, and since those days our views on marriage and sexual relationships have altered considerably, and the time is ripe for another judicial pronouncement on the lines of Mr. Justice Maule's historic irony. If Mr. Monckton Hoffe were charged with conspiracy, let us say, the Judge might say to him: "You have committed a serious offence and have told a falsehood for the sake of a wife who wished and entreated you to set her free. You have therefore committed a crime against the laws.

"You should have continued to live with the woman who had told you that she had ceased to love you. You should have remained chained to her within the four walls of your matrimonial prison, enjoying her companionship and conversation, day and night, year in year out, though you knew all the time that her thoughts and affection were centred on another man. Your life would have been wretched, and hers a continuous torture.

"But the holy state of matrimony demands that man and wife shall live and eat and sleep together, though they fight like cat and dog tied by the tails and hung over a clothes-line. Having passed through the door of that Paradise which is marriage, you must stick and cling together through all the days and nights of your lives, though the promised heaven prove a veritable hell from which you both long and pray to be delivered. The horror of this devilish bondage may drive you to drink, to drugs, to madness, to suicide, even to violence and murder, but the Law and the Church are agreed that to allow you to part by cheerful mutual consent would be subversive of Christain morality."

If a Judge of the High Court were to deliver judgment in some such terms as these, something might get done about it. The eventual effect might be an increase in the number of divorces: it might result in the separation of many married couples who are not fit to be husbands, wives, or the parents of children, and whose present association is a living lie and hypocrisy—a particularly cruel and disgusting form of prostitution.

But I do not think it would perceptibly injure the cause of Christianity nor of morality.

Amazing Message from the Dead!

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

(Author of "An Amazing Seance," etc.)

SUDDENLY from out of the void, talking almost at the very elbow of our contributor, came the voice of his friend, missing in the Great War! That was his weird experience at one of the most thrilling Spiritualistic seances ever attended. This extraordinary story is described fully below, and plainly marks a forward step in our investigations into the claims of Spiritualism.

Mr. SYDNEY MOSELEY

I HAVE had three séances this week. The first was a failure. At the second the medium could only say that she sensed a complete sympathy between me and the dead—"There is a definite bridge of aura—of beautiful colours between yourself and the spirit world." But the conditions were bad and I had to leave it at that.

The third séance, however, was wonderful; more than wonderful; it was incredible. Even now—two days after—I can hardly believe my senses. I shall therefore, at this stage, explain nothing and suggest nothing. I will merely describe, as coherently as possible, the remarkable circumstances, leaving the reader to form his own conclusions.

* * *

On this occasion there were only two of us, the medium and myself. The lady is tall, middle-aged and matter-of-fact in speech. She believes that she can talk with, touch and see, and hear those who are "dead"; and if you don't believe it, she doesn't at all mind. Furthermore, she does not seek to make converts, and it was only by the introduction of a mutual friend that she consented to sit with me.

The room was partially darkened, by pulling down the blinds. In the corner is a small harmonium which Mrs. Beatrice always plays when she wishes to create the right atmosphere. "Music makes for tranquillity," she explains; "it doesn't matter much what you play—it needn't be hymns—but something quiet and soothing. After all, it is the spirit in one appealing to the spirit on another plane, and what better spiritual food is there than music!" So she plays a pretty little thing of her own composing, until, finally, with a sigh of satisfaction, she is ready to begin proceedings.

* * *

Within half a minute comes the first sensation.

"There is with you," she says, her eyes closed and her head drooping, "an old man with a long flowing beard, a handsome face—indeed, a fine old gentleman. He is your spirit guide. You know him, of course?"

It is the same spirit guide who has been described to me before in various parts of the country.

"He is a definite influence for good . . . He will help in the investigations you are making for JOHN BULL——"

I looked at the medium intently. For a moment I was nonplussed; then my natural sceptical frame of mind came to my rescue.

"Go on," I merely said.

"There is a woman here who says she was a colleague of yours. She sends her love—I beg your pardon—her name is Love. . . . Hilda Love."

* * *

Now Hilda Love was certainly a cherished colleague of mine, and one of the most popular women writers in Fleet Street. She died about a year ago, practically in harness. Some months later, my secretary was holding a séance—by automatic writing—and Hilda Love appeared then. She said nothing of me at that séance and I certainly was surprised that the medium who was a stranger to me and to Fleet Street should give me that message from her. "Go on investigating," said the spirit of Hilda Love. "You are on the right track. Tell Miss B. I shall be with her again!" Another coincidence! Miss B. is the name of my one-time secretary.

* * *

"There is somebody also striving to get into touch," said the medium.

"Get the name."

"Arthur," was the halting reply.

"The surname please!"

"Wilson!"

Now Arthur Wilson was with me in the Navy during the war. We had met at the Dardanelles and later on at the Grand Fleet base, Rosyth. Arthur left my ship and went out in a "Q" mystery boat, from which time nobody has ever heard of him. Neither the Admiralty nor his sorrowing parents were able to give me any details of the manner in which he met his death.

"Ask him, please, what happened to him," I said.

"Remember your memo to the Commander-in-Chief?" said the medium, and chuckled just in the manner of Arthur Wilson.

Of course I remembered it, and only two of my fellow officers knew about it. I had broken miles of Admiralty red tape by sending the Commander-in-Chief a report, over the head of the captain! If the medium had happened to hear about this, I should like to know through whom.

"Two days after leaving you at Rosyth, I joined the 'Q' ship," the "spirit" voice of Arthur went on. "I had a few days stewpid delay"—"stewpid" was a pet term of Arthur's—"and we got away one afternoon at 15.05." (Service way of giving the time meant 3.5 p.m.) "We got well away into the Channel. We passed your K 15" (a super-submarine in which I went diving) "and pretended we didn't know it, being as we were, only an innocent little merchant ship, and soon met another vessel which we took to be another 'Q' boat. We hailed her; she began to draw alongside, when suddenly she let down her sides, and a gun appeared amidships. Before we could do anything, she opened fire, blowing us to——"

* * *

The exciting narrative was delivered in curious tones; sometimes I thought I recognised my dead and gallant friend's voice; other times it sounded like that of the medium's. Thinking over it now, certain points occur to me. In the first place, I am sure the medium knew nothing about Arthur Wilson, or the manner in which he had met his death. But in the second place, some of the details were wrong.

Arthur Wilson did not leave me at Rosyth, but at Edinburgh, where we were spending a few hours' leave celebrating his luck in getting the "Q" boat job. Furthermore, I do not see how a German "Q" boat could have lived many hours in the Channel without having been spotted. Yet the thought occurs to me that it might well explain some of the mysterious losses of British merchant ships.

"Where are you now, Arthur?" I asked.

"*Here—right alongside you!*"

And believe me, that voice did not emanate from the medium at all. It came from out of the void—within two inches of me. I never felt so thrilled, so startled, in the whole of my life.

* * *

Suddenly the medium went off into a deep trance. Her groaning puzzled me, and I was hoping her maid would come in, when she drew herself up with a jerk and said "There is an evil influence in this room. Go!"

A cold shiver ran down my spine. I could feel no evil influence, but the manner and tone of the medium were enough to disturb the sang froid of the most placid person. She began to writhe and cough, and I went over to her. "Go! Go!" she commanded the unseen spirit. She began to "wrestle" with the spirit, and I watched as if transfixed. Presently a sort of calm spread over her features, then, breathing a deep sigh, she burst into a torrent of tears. I waited for several minutes until the paroxysm passed, and she told me her experience during "that dreadful tussle" was the most fearful in her life. Very often, she said, mischievous spirits try hard to oust the better intentioned spirits, in order to possess the medium. Some evil spirit has ousted Arthur Wilson, and was striving to take his place.

"Then it is," said Mrs. Beatrice, "that we get false, and very often ridiculous messages."

"I should have thought," I said, "that there was an array of good spirits sufficiently powerful to control the evil spirits."

She gave me only a vague reply. Which was most disappointing, since the question is an important one, and calls for a definite answer on the part of spiritualists.

* * *

I thought that that would be sufficient for one sitting. But the medium thought otherwise. "Let me rest a while," she said, "and we will go on." In ten minutes she had gone into a trance again.

"Somebody—a man's initials A.M.R. is here. Do you remember him?"

A.M.R. stayed at my hotel for a considerable time. He had gone on a holiday in Essex. Near Chelmsford he was run over. Details had been lacking. The medium now supplied it.

"I was on my push bike," said A.M.R. "A grocer's van tried to pass me . . . I skidded and then . . . ." the voice trailed off, and then in a cheerier tone "I didn't feel anything . . . I never recovered consciousness."

"Are you happy?" I asked, moved by what I heard.

"Perfectly," came the reply, "only it is difficult to let Dad and Ethel know." (Ethel was his sister.) "Please tell them." I promised I would.

* * *

Thus concluded one of the most successful séances I have had. To obtain several distinct pieces of evidence at one sitting is, I venture to think, rare. Mrs. Beatrice said she felt that my investigation would do some good. She, therefore, offered to arrange a séance for me in automatic writing, trumpet or direct voice, spirit photography, and possibly a materialisation.

I wonder what further sensations they will bring forth.

Will they be as thrilling and as startling as those I have already experienced?

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

They say when David leaves "Noo Yawk"—
Its banquets, bands and bunting—
He'll come back with a tomahawk
And go in for scalp-hunting.

The mark is dead, so Fritz, 'tis said,
New currency is "minting."
The sanguine say it's going to pay
This time the cost of printing.

Political campaigners now
Their autumn plans are shaping.
So presently there's sure to be
A lot of "gas" escaping.

In building homes or razing slums
They show no signs of hasting;
But they contrive to look alive
When it's a case of wasting.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE first President of the Irish Free State is admirably described in Shakespeare's words: "A plain, blunt man, who loves his friend." He is as free from heroics as he is from treachery. He would no more indulge in the usual bombastic phraseology of a political harangue than he would stab a pal in the back. What he wants to say, he says simply, without embroidery and without histrionics; and though he has never made the mistake of preferring dreams to realities, not even the dreamers who once fought by his side can accuse him of double-dealing.

LIKE nearly every great Irishman since Ireland has had a history, Liam T. MacCosgair (as the President likes to call himself) has "done time." In 1916 he was imprisoned as a Sinn Feiner; but he was in excellent company, Arthur Griffith being a fellow-criminal! The whirligig of time has brought about a curious condition of things. During the civil war his "chief" was De Valera. Now he has been forced, much against his will, to clap that same chief into the quad where, had matters shaped differently, they might have died together. There is a strange streak of fate in all this.

Many a cloudy night covered his brilliant exploits as Minister of Local Government in those strenuous, stormy months. A false step in the dark, an exclamation, a carelessly worded message, a yard's deviation from an appointed track, a minute too early or too late at a rendezvous—and all would have been up! Courage, foresight, absolute precision—these qualities were essential and he possessed them. But something else was necessary to his success, something quite beyond his or anyone else's grasp. Luck—sheer luck!

It was luck that pulled him safely through perils to which stronger men succumbed—luck that enabled him to endure hardships against which others, fitter for the task than he, struggled in vain. Finally it was luck that put the shoes of Arthur Griffith on his feet, though he never suggested that they should even be *tried* on.

MISS MARY MACSWINEY once referred to him as "this little insignificant fellow," not realising that the less value she put upon him the more feeble and futile would appear the efforts of his opponents. Physically, it is true, he *is* a little insignificant fellow; but, spiritually, he was quite large and significant enough to sweep into the dustbin all the other little men who attempted to obstruct progress in Ireland.

These are early days to speak of his achievements. I doubt if he will shine on the page of Irish history with the lustre that will enhalo the names of Collins and Griffith. But that may be due to the tinge of romance which always clings to men who die while their cause is yet in the balance; also to the undoubted fact that, unlike them, Cosgrave doesn't appeal to the imagination. His physique and his phrases are equally unpicturesque. He lacks all those qualities that go to make an ideal kinema hero.

But how exceedingly pleasant, in these Mussolini-Poincaré days, to have an ordinary man, not a Martinet, not a Dictator, at the head of at least one small nation!

President W. T. Cosgrave.

TEACHING CHILDREN RUBBISH

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

A YOUNG lady "getting on" for eleven years of age has lately been engaged in a most peculiar business. At the L.C.C. school which she is bound by law to attend, the teacher has handed her a yard or so of cardboard—half an old certificate for swimming, to be precise.

On the back of this document ninety-eight squares have been ruled, and in each square the young lady, "getting on for eleven," has inscribed certain numerals in figures, maybe a couple of hundred all told. The figures are an inch or more high, neatly drawn in double line, and blued-in to make them look pretty.

According to the young lady's father, who is kind enough to send us his offspring's handiwork and a covering letter on the subject, "It took her three weeks at one day per week to execute it; all the class did one, and the teacher thought it was an excellent piece of work."

THE young lady's father doesn't seem pleased about it.

In fact, he ventures to exclaim: "Of all the rubbish to teach children! Surely the Minister of Education cannot want them to waste their time this way." Probably not.

I should say myself that for a child of tender years to be kept three whole days on such a performance is not only a sheer waste of time, but a quite flagrant and unnecessary tax on a child's eyesight and powers of application.

When you come to think of the amount of labour involved in writing two hundred inch-high figures, and fitting them into ninety-eight squares, the marvel is that any child should have got through with the job. No grown-up person who doesn't happen to be a sign-writer could have accomplished it inside three or four hours, and no sane person would want to try.

HOWEVER, British children are British children, and perhaps it is part of the duty of the Ministry of Education to teach our young Gwendolines and Gladys's to be patient and long-suffering.

Well, it appears that the father of the present young lady of nearly eleven has other children in addition to little Doris, or whatever her name may be, and the Ministry of Education, not to mention the L.C.C. and its staff of teachers, will therefore be interested to read the following further excerpt from his letter:

"I am thoroughly disgusted with the education my children have received at the L.C.C. schools. They know nothing when they leave. What with the stupid style of writing, singing, playing, dancing etc., no wonder they know nothing. . . ."

Consider that, my hearties with the snug educational "positions" and ultimate pensions, and tell me what you think about it. Can you afford to smile at this gentleman's verdict as to the upshot of your efforts to instruct the rising generation? "They know nothing when they leave school!" he says.

And can he, for his part, reasonably afford to smile at your general methods? Is he justified in describing the style of writing, and the amount of singing, musical-game playing, dancing, etc., which you impose upon your pupils as "stupid"?

I am not going to answer these questions for you. I can only tell you that when our young lads and lassies leave school for business their employers don't expect to play the concertina to them while they lick stamps and misdirect the letters.

What all of us are entitled to expect is that a boy or girl with an education paid for out of the public purse should at least be able to write legibly, tot up figures (not necessarily an inch high) and read and spell, with something like accuracy, words of three to four syllables. How often do you light on a child "fresh from school" who happens to be so qualified?

VIRTUALLY the real education of our youth has always to be don in places of business. All that is valuable in what an English child learns during twelve years of schooling under the existing system could be easily taught in a year, to children of ten, by competent teachers working to a common-sense curriculum.

The rest is mere waste—waste of time, waste of money, and a wicked waste of infant energy.

Watch this Space

Each week you will have an opportunity of obtaining, free of charge, something of useful interest.

Get your postcard ready for next week.

"ATORA" Suet Puddings feed children well and keep them well at the very age when they 'shoot up' rapidly

No preservative or adulterant in "ATORA." Ask your grocer to-day for Shredded or Block.

Send for booklet of 100 tested recipes to HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

WHAT TO TAKE FOR INDIGESTION.

Nothing equals harmless, honest old Bisurated Magnesia as a remedy for digestive and stomach troubles. Pain after eating, "full feeling," nausea, sickness and lack of appetite are all signs that harmful acid is attacking the organs of digestion, fermenting the food and starting a train of serious troubles. A single dose of Bisurated Magnesia will neutralise all traces of acidity instantly, and will put your appetite and spirits to rights. Enjoy what you eat! Let your meals do you good: try Bisurated Magnesia *once* and you will have the very thing you've been looking for—an honest, inexpensive *REAL* remedy for disordered stomachs.

Make your own cigarette. It is twice as good.

A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER PUREST

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Dreamer in the Dock

by HARRISON OWEN

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, described on the charge-sheet as "Minister of Health," pleaded "Not Guilty" to a charge of false pretences.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., for the Bull public, said that in thus describing himself, the accused had repeated the very offence which was the subject of the present prosecution. To pretend that his department was ministering to the nation's health was palpably false, and it was time that he was forced to come into the open and proclaim himself Minister of Dirt and Disease.

"Since the cry of the slum children has failed to reach the ears of this so-called Ministry of Health," continued Mr. Watchdog, "it is necessary that he should hear their story from other lips. And what a story it is! Anybody who can listen unmoved to a recital of facts such as was made last week to the London County Council by Mr. Harry Gosling, M.P., must indeed have a heart encased in stout parchment and red-tape.

"MR. GOSLING painted a picture of Wapping as one vast plague spot, with crumbling, ramshackle houses choked with suffering humanity and streets hideous with the weak pulings of crying children. He quoted, as typical cases of overcrowding, a four-roomed house—with a bulging ceiling, dangerously dilapidated, damp and dark, occupied by 14 people, including nine children under 10, and a six-roomed house, occupied by 22 people, from which eight children suffering from pneumonia, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and scarlet fever had been taken. Yet the unfortunate people who were forced to dwell in them trembled lest these hovels should be condemned, for there was nowhere else they could go.

"While countrymen and women of his own are existing in these frightful conditions, the accused tells us glibly: 'My dream is of an England in which every family will have a house fit to live in, fit to bring up children in. As I cannot bring sunshine and fresh air to the houses, I must take the houses to where there is sunshine and fresh air.'

"HOW often have we heard this story before!" exclaimed counsel scornfully. "Time after time persons falsely pretending to be Ministers of Health have been going to do something to cure the housing shortage, but nothing has been done. Sir Alfred Mond fobbed us off with tasteless jokes; Mr. Neville Chamberlain solemnly assured us that he was 'watching' the building rings before taking action against them, and apparently he was still watching and waiting when he made way for the accused, who can offer us nothing better than a dream.

"I ask you, gentlemen of the jury," Mr. Watchdog concluded, "to contrast this roseate dream with the nightmarish reality and to say that the presentation of such pretty, unsubstantial fantasies to the dwellers of slumland is a piece of

cynical cruelty comparable with the distribution of Ritz menu cards among people dying from famine."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that it was ridiculous to allege that his client was guilty of false pretences in calling himself Minister of Health, for he could call Treasury officials to prove that Sir William was regularly at the office endeavouring to wake up the sleepers. Nobody was more distressed than was his client at the conditions prevailing in the slums, but the housing problem was hedged with many difficulties and could only be solved by keeping in mind the motto, "Hasten slowly."

The jury hastened rapidly to bring in a verdict of "Guilty."

"After the eloquent address of counsel for the prosecution," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "there is little for me to say except to announce that the sentence of the Court is that for one calendar month the prisoner shall not be allowed to sleep either in his town residence in St. James's Place, or at his home in Surrey, but shall spend his nights in the hell hovels of Wapping. I can only hope that this will cure him of his habit of dreaming of houseless families dwelling in marble halls, while his department did nothing to translate his visions into realities."

MAC ON THE MAKE

"GENERALLY speaking, gold mines are a speculative investment," say Messrs. M. H. Macpherson & Co., who describe themselves as stock and share brokers of 18, Walbrook, E.C. 4.

In this manner they introduce themselves by means of a lengthy circular to a number of people who have hitherto been unaware of their existence. And no wonder; for even in the newest Telephone Directory we cannot find their name!

The purpose of Messrs. M. H. Macpherson & Co., who really seem to consist of Mr. M. H. Macpherson and nobody else, is to introduce to confiding investors in this country the shares of the Sitka Gold Mining Company, a concern incorporated under the state laws of Nevada and having offices at 111, Broadway, New York.

The capital of the company is ten million dollars, and it claims to possess three mines; two in Alaska and one in California, which one would imagine to be rather wide apart for purposes of economical management.

The issued capital of the company is stated to be seven million shares, and, beyond these, three million are in the company's treasury and are now being offered, through the kindly agency of Mr. Macpherson, to the confiding British public.

The properties are stated to be ready for the installation of the necessary plant to start producing on a large scale, and immediately this is done the company will begin paying dividends.

We think our readers will agree with us when we say that the state of development here disclosed is insufficient to justify the offer of these one-dollar shares at the price of 10s. each. Like many similar concerns which we have had to criticise in the past, this one shows no modesty in the estimation of its impending profits.

We advise our readers to ignore "the possibilities from the enormous gold deposits," in spite of the flamboyant estimate that "there is virgin gold and copper actually proved to exist to the value of £800,000,000."

As Mr. Macpherson remarks: "The figures appear fabulous." "Ridiculous" is a much better word.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"TORBAY EXPRESS":—"In several places the MALES outnumbered the MEN."

"WORLD'S PICTORIAL NEWS":—"She desired to wear the necklace at a LUNCHEON that NIGHT."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS" (advt.):—"Navy PRAM, deep body, low HEELS, excellent condition."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS" (advert.):—"All wool black Cashmere HOSE, fully fashioned, with high spliced heels and toes. Price PER YARD, 1/11½d."

"CANNOCK ADVERTISER" (advert.):—"Wanted, COOK-GENERAL, capable and experienced, AGE ABOUT 35, for Sutton Coldfield."

"THE BOYS' BOOK":—"He clambered up that tree by sheer determination, plus frequently applications of toe-nails, finger-nails and EYELIDS."

"MID-DEVON TIMES":—"This is a picture story of the performances of a sensational Crook, and patrons should NOT FAIL TO MISS the entertainment."

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings has been sent to each of the writers of the first five letters printed on this page.

Wife or Bookie?

"THE story of my doings of the last two years is the old one of the novice-gambler who hoped to make a fortune by following racing form and betting accordingly. Tempted by an early run of luck, I plunged deeper, and having developed the friendship of a bookie of our town, I began an arrangement of betting with him with no other understanding than that which would exist between two men of honour.

"My luck turned completely and I lost repeatedly. I could not stop, however, for I felt that every big bet would bring a big coup which would help me to make good my ever-increasing debt. Very soon my obligations to my friend amounted to the extent of £500, and on a last desperate throw, which failed, I doubled the amount of my liabilities.

"Now, I am only a poor clerk with a salary of £3 a week, and the only way I can see to clear off my arrears is to realise funds by selling our house, which unfortunately is entirely my wife's property.

"My wife's attitude towards the matter is one of pure self-sacrifice and honesty. In spite of the fact that she has warned me repeatedly of my foolishness and told me to drop gambling, she is now ready to give her all to satisfy my calls of honour.

"Which is the greater duty, the one I owe to my wife or the one due to my gambling friend?"

"Humanist" says: *Your proper course is to tell the bookmaker your financial position and arrange to pay him by instalments. You have no right to expect your wife to pay your debts. But if she regards it as a matter of honour, the house must go. It ought to be a lesson to you—that you have a noble wife. Work hard to improve your position and recoup her.*

Over-Scrupulous Love

"THROUGH constantly seeing a young lady who is in service (as a children's nurse) near to where I live, and who always smiled to me as we passed, I spoke to her one evening. From that time, 3½ months ago, we have met regularly two to three times a week until our acquaintanceship has developed into more than friendship. She is 22 years of age, and I am 36.

"Recently I had to go to London, and while there I received a letter from her telling me of her family history, which I had not heard hitherto. In this letter she told me that she did not wish to keep back from me any longer something which she felt she could not tell me in person. She told me that her father and mother when she was very young, separated, and their good home was broken up. Her mother and family moved to a small country village. Her mother went to keep house for a fairly well-to-do bachelor of so-called respectable habits who took advantage of her, with the result that a son was born out of wedlock. This son is now 11 years of age.

"Naturally, my girl friend in telling me this news was very much upset and felt that it was my place to give her up on this account because she felt sure that such a history as this was a reflection upon her character and her people.

"It was my intention to introduce her to my people, but in view of this recent disclosure I am very reluctant to do so, because my people are sure to ask me all about her and her people."

"Humanist" says: *I am surprised that you should ask advice on such a problem. Surely the daughter is not responsible for the sins of the mother. Is there nobody in your family who has ever sinned? If not, you are fortunate indeed.*

Should She Remarry?

"NOT often does a woman who has divorced her husband wish to marry her old partner again, but that is the action I contemplate taking.

"We were married young, for I was only 22 and my lover two years older. That was four years ago. My people always disliked him, even when he was only my fiancé, and they put every obstacle in the way of our marriage. We were both deeply in love, however, and so determined that we married secretly at a registrar's office without the knowledge or consent of our parents.

"Twelve months after, we were the leading figures in a divorce case, which caused some interest throughout the country. I don't think now that my husband was really bad at heart, and as I look back on the events of our married life, I feel that he received lots of provocation from my hypercritical parents.

"The inevitable happened; my once attentive lover began to neglect home and myself and to stay away for long periods at a time. My people were not long in taking due advantage of this, and, always ready to find fault, engaged detectives to ferret out details of an unsavoury nature. Developments were not long in coming, for the usual hotel-book signatures were put forward as a proof of his infidelity.

"And now, three years after, we are again having the old delightful clandestine meetings. We feel that we ought never to have been parted and that remarriage only will bring us true happiness.

"My parents would disown me if I took to myself the man who to them has proved himself a libertine."

"Humanist" says: *I see no reason why you should not marry again—if you are sure of your ex-husband. Your trouble seems to be in making up your mind. With regard to your parents, they don't seem to be very helpful in your domestic life. That should guide you as to whether to be bound by their opinions.*

Taint of Insanity

"ALTHOUGH I have, week by week, carefully perused your page, I have not seen a reply which would fit my case and I fear the case of many others.

"My mother died a few months ago in an asylum where she had been for many years without hope of recovery. Altogether, I have not experienced more than five years of her care although she was most loving to me until the end.

"The taint runs through all branches of the family on her side. I have neither brother nor sister, and live with my father. To the best of my knowledge I am at present perfectly sound both in body and mind.

"As is usual with young fellows, I have had 'calf' love which has befallen me twice, and though that no longer troubles me, I cannot forget the agony these caused me. Such affection is generally smiled at, but there is no doubt as to its reality while it lasts. I have now no girl friends, neither do I encourage them, for as I draw nearer to manhood I feel that it would be dangerous.

"My poor dear mother did not fail until past thirty. Such may be my fate, and strange as it may seem I am not afraid?

"Humanist" says: *Yours is undoubtedly a very hard case. But I am glad to see you have the strength of mind to realise it and to set public duty before private considerations. You have the respect as well as the sympathy of those who read your story.*

Woman who Drinks

"MY greatest friend, an unmarried woman of thirty-five, has taken to drink. She runs a dressmaking business, the capital for which has been put up by a woman who trusts her implicitly and sees her very rarely. My friend is neglecting her work and using the business money to obtain drink. I have remonstrated with her to no avail.

"The doctor says he cannot order her into a home as she is not yet in a bad enough state to be moved without her own consent. She refuses to give this, saying that she does not care what becomes of her. If I tell her partner the facts, my friend will be absolutely destitute, and I cannot afford to help her myself.

"If I let things go on as they are, waiting for the partner to find out, my friend may become an incurable drunkard. In any case she will soon be rendering herself liable to a criminal prosecution for embezzlement. What is to be done?

"My friend is absolutely alone."

"Humanist" says: *The woman who put up the money is an innocent party. If you can save her, clearly it is your duty. You will also save your friend from becoming an incurable drunkard. Act at once: it is better to save a woman than a business.*

The Menaced Missioner.

"I am a chapel worker, in great trouble. Two girls, teachers at my Sunday Mission, are conspiring with my wife, who has left me, to ruin my religious career. I am sure of my assertions, yet cannot help myself."

Do not cross the river until you come to it. Wait for evidence before you act. Write to me again if anything happens.

Past Sins.

"My mother and father separated years ago. My mother, in a foolish moment, married again. My father, hearing of the secret marriage, went through a bigamous ceremony with an actress. Now both the new partners have left my parents, and they are urging me to bring them together again. Should I?"

Of course. Why should you prevent man and wife from coming together? Let the dead past bury its past.

The Kleptomaniac.

"My younger son, a solicitor's clerk, has a mania for stealing small articles. He doesn't really mean it, and certainly doesn't want for anything. In his quieter moods he agonises when realising what he is doing. Is there any treatment for this rare but highly dangerous ailment?"

Send him away for a holiday. Try to get his nerves right. That is the real trouble. Don't nag—generosity rarely fails in cases of this kind.

Superfluous Women.

"While recently reading a popular magazine, I found one story by a well-known writer, whose name has become a household word. His heroine he described as merely 'one of the many surplus women.' Can you think, Humanist, what this means to a present-day girl? Obviously, what the writer wishes to convey is that a girl who is unmarried is superfluous. I did not think that experienced writers of to-day had such unbalanced ideas of women."

The writer is talking nonsense. No girl who earns her own living is superfluous.

A Foreign Marriage.

"A great friend of mine is in love with her uncle, who, by the way, is only two or three years older than herself. He loves her, and since he cannot marry her in England, they have determined to go to Switzerland, where the ceremony can be performed. Would their children be considered legitimate in England, since the English law forbids the marriage?"

English law would hold the children to be illegitimate, because it does not recognise a foreign marriage, unless it should also be legal by the law of the domicile of the parties. If your friends choose to be naturalised in Switzerland, English law will then recognise their marriage.

A Deep Plot.

"I am a successful writer of short stories and make a good living at it. A friend with literary ambitions has told me a plot which would make a wonderfully fine novel. I should like to use it, but if I suggest her selling the plot to me, she will take it as an insult. If I let her write the story it will be wasted, for she will ruin it. Must the plot for ever be lost? I feel I could make a fortune out of it as a novel, followed by a play and possibly a film as well."

Kipling says that you are entitled to take your plot wherever you find it. Shakespeare used to do so without scruple. But ask your friend to give you the plot. If she wants to keep it for herself make a competition of it and let the best writer win. If you make a fortune you can find some way of letting her benefit.

"One leg in"—

TO the many hundreds of his clients who have found the Cesarewitch Winner and have got "one leg in" over their Double Event, Douglas Stuart offers the most generous facilities for hedging.

—yet another reason for heeding "The Scout's" warning:—

"It is far better to receive a fair price from a man who pays than 2,000 to 1 from firms whose telegraphic address should be 'Indemnity, Berlin.'"—*Daily Express.*

—

CAMBS.

½rd ODDS for PLACES

MARKET PRICES time of posting GUARANTEED.

NO HORSE BARRED

—

DAILY BUSINESS A SPECIALITY NO LIMIT.

Don't Delay—Post to-day.

Douglas Stuart

5, DRURY ST., GLASGOW

—

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

vide Press.

FOR the life of me I cannot understand by what process of mathematical calculation the handicapper came to give Rose Prince 8.3 The fact that he only won by a short head doesn't prove, as some people seem to think, that it was a beautiful handicap. Rose Prince had to overcome disadvantages which would have extinguished the chance of any other horse than one who was obviously chucked into the handicap.

* * *

A Salutary Rule.

One suspects that the handicapper did not "guess" but worked out the form through such direct and collateral lines as he had with French form. Personally speaking, I grudge every ha'penny that is taken from our turf to France, but that is not the reason I suggest that the rule-makers of the Jockey Club should introduce the following:

> No foreign-bred horse shall be apportioned weight in any handicap under these rules until it has run twice in this country in weight-for-age races.

* * *

The Favourite's Fate.

It was a million pounds to a pinch of snuff against Ceylonese when the field passed the bushes. He was hopelessly boxed in, and the jackass people who say that he wasn't need to have their heads shaved. If I didn't know that our turf was pure, and our jockeys perfect little gentlemen and our owners Sir Galahads, I should say that there were quite a few horses in the Cesarewitch field that had no other job but to "look after" Ceylonese and see that he did not win. But such things do not happen. Never!

* * *

A Risky Practice.

One of these days there's going to be a nasty accident caused by the advertising aeroplanes that fly over racecourses, and then the Jockey Club will take action. I have mentioned this fact before. This, in passing.

* * *

The Cambridgeshire.

If Epinard wins the Cambridgeshire I shall lose. The nine furlongs at Newmarket wants galloping, and I can't believe that the Frenchman will give weight to such horses as Pharos and Stratford, who, in the hands of Pryor, is a horse and a half, and may come home by himself, especially if he is drawn on the stand side. Roman Bachelor wants mud—the going was fairly firm last week—whilst Pondoland, who may be my final selection for the race, needs nothing but judicious riding to get his head in front and keep it there.

* * *

There are quite enough doubles with Rose Prince and Epinard to bring the latter to a very short price on the day of the race. He is remarkably well, and his connections think he will win, and win easily. As for My Lord, it hardly seems worth Steve's while to hurry back to ride him.

* * *

Certainties.

Twenty-one separate horses were sent out by the advertising tipsters as "stone certainties" for the Cesarewitch. The only man with any luck gave openly in his weekly sheet the winner, but gave two losers in his special wire for which he charged five pounds. The only certainty about this game is that the tipster is on easy money so long as the supply of "mugs" holds.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

NEWBURY (WEDNESDAY).

2.10 AUTUMN HANDICAP Bhuidhseach (each way).
3.15 Missal (Noble Order, Pittendynie)

NEWCASTLE (WEDNESDAY).

2.30 Jazz Band (Orpi).
3.0 The Haberdasher (White Cat).

SANDOWN PARK (FRIDAY).

2.0 Esther Fan F. (Irish Skies, White Coral).
3.30 Tharros.

Sports and by ROWLEY

NEWMARKET NOTES.

The Cambridgeshire.

Those connected with Re-Echo are probably more hopeful than confident of his winning for the second time. He has, however, never been better. With a few more gallops, Pharos will strip a fitter horse than he has been for some time, and, with the ground to his liking, will play a prominent part in the race. Holy Friar seems to have trained off, and Pondoland will probably prove to be De Mestre's best. Verdict is fancied, as also is Lighthouse.

* * *

Newbury Cup.

Daughter-in-Law goes better than Bessema at level weights over a mile and a half. She is certainly the best of Day's trio. Spithead, a winner over the course, is very well and should have something to do with the finish. Bowood is very fit, having been leading London Cry in all his gallops. I think whatever beats Daughter-in-Law will win.

* * *

Astley Nursery Handicap.

Though not strongly represented, we have a great chance of bringing this race to headquarters. Amethystine has won her last two races in easy fashion and is useful. She will, however, be seen out at Pontefract, where she has a big chance of scoring, in which case she would pick up a penalty and probably not go for this. Live Wire has been well galloped. Julius is expected to win a race before the end of the season. Our best, however, is Disarmed, which has been galloping well with Inverveigh and others from the same stable. This good-looking filly has not been hurried, and on her only outing ran a good fourth, having an easy race. This one may be followed confidently.

* * *

Jesmond Welter Handicap.

The pick of the handicap are Soldier Song and Swinderby. My preference is for the former.

* * *

The Northumberland Autumn Handicap may be won by Stick-in-the-Mud, who has been going well at home and is thought to possess an excellent chance of scoring here. The same stable may win the Leazes Selling Nursery with Moss Rose, a nice filly which will certainly be placed to win a race of this kind, even if she fails here.

* * *

Reading Nursery Handicap, Newbury.

Grand Lassie, having come back to her early form, will want a lot of beating here. She had matters all her own way in a recent fast gallop with Grand Knight, Grand Polly, etc.

* * *

Fiery Cross is the likely winner of the Twyford Selling Handicap. She is a good stayer and will get the course all right.

* * *

Doncaster (Thursday).

In the Stanley Selling Nursery, we have a few useful animals engaged. If the race comes here it will be with the aid of Miss Grits, which is very much expected. Danger may come from L.S.D. and Levana.

Of ours engaged in the Falmouth Nursery, the best are Endorsement and Granpau. The latter was going much faster towards the finish of his race at Newmarket than at any other part of the race, and should have won. He will, I think, score here; in his absence I select Endorsement.

* * *

If sent for the Harewood Handicap, Ruysdael must be my selection. Should he fail here, I strongly recommend that he be followed.

* * *

Swinderby will probably run in the Clayton Three-Year-Old Handicap, and should win. He has been galloped about the same animal as Southern.

* * *

Doncaster (Friday).

L'Aigion was never better. In fast gallops with such animals as Weathervane and Knight of the Garter, he has shown to advantage. The better of Boyd Rochfort's pair, Perhaps So and Amethystine, will be dangerous. De Mestre's selected will be Ceramic, which has been doing well and may score. The race is an open one, but I regard L'Aigion as our best, and he should be a good each-way investment.

* * *

Should Soldier Song miss his engagement at Pontefract to run in the Vyner High Weight Handicap, he will take a lot of beating. In his absence I like Phusis, which, in any case, should be followed—he is a certain winner before the season ends.

* * *

Pomme Royal, after winning at Newmarket, passed into R. Day's stable. In a gallop with Crusader's Pet and Fire Clay f. she had matters entirely her own way. This one will win again and is worth making a note of.

* * *

The biggest two-year-old in J. Jarvis' string is Dunnattor. This colt has not been hurried, and is now striding out splendidly. He should win before the end of the season.

HORSES TO NOTE

Sans Guerre (3 yrs.).—Inferior jockeyship had as much to do with this filly's defeat at Wolverhampton as anything else, and she will win in her turn when the company is not too select.

Paddy (2 yrs.).—Once or twice this colt's lines have not been cast in the pleasantest of places. He is greatly improved, and should pay to follow to the end of the season.

Spithead (4 yrs.).—This horse is of no sort of use on hard ground, but with the going to his liking he has recently been moving in capital style, and he should win a race over a mile and a half or thereabouts.

Philippi (2 yrs.).—Indulged with a nice rest since the spring, this colt has profited thereby, and he is not at all unlikely to pick up a race in the near future.

Zella (5 yrs.).—The fact has been pretty freely rubbed in that this good-looking horse is not a stayer, but over his own course—five furlongs—there are very few that can beat him.

Tip Tree (4 yrs.).—For some reason or other, this horse, although on the spot, did not fulfil his engagement at Wolverhampton last week. He is, however, very well, and worth keeping an eye upon.

Poor Devil (2 yrs.).—This colt, who enjoys the unique distinction of having been placed in all of his five essays in public, is very well just now, and extremely likely to win a small race in the north.

Puttenden (4 yrs.).—A difficult animal to catch at his best, this horse is now in tip-top fettle, and is not at all unlikely to pick up a nice handicap.

Sportsmen MILE

Flat-catching.

With the aid of unlimited assurance and the offer of million Mark notes, "Stable Lad," the self-styled flat-racing expert, still finds a plentiful supply of half-crowns from "flats." Last week his two "unbeatable certainties" were Dalkeith filly and Juniso. What this expert doesn't know about the game would fill a Bankruptcy Court.

Frank.

French racehorse owners and trainers have tumbled to the fact that handicappers here are so insular in their prejudices that they think a French horse must be inferior to an English one and weight it accordingly. Until handicappers learn their business there will be more surprises.

ROWLEY MILESTONES

Verdict was nearly knocked over during the earlier stages of the race for the Duke of York Stakes, a circumstance which may be worth bearing in mind when estimating her Cambridgeshire prospects.

* * *

Our three-year-olds cannot be such a poor lot, seeing that they relegated Poisoned Arrow to last place in the Champion Stakes.

* * *

Top Gallant, who had been specially trained with a view to this race, did not run owing to meeting with a slight accident in his stable.

* * *

Thick-and-thin adherents of Epinard for the Cambridgeshire must be somewhat alarmed at the influx of French money which is coming into the market for Zariba.

* * *

Turf nomenclature is just now at a low ebb, but surely Lord Glanely might have hit upon a less banal name than Grand Joy for his colt by Grand Parade out of Amourcuse.

* * *

The Ball Game

BOLTON WANDERERS, who visit Highbury this week-end, on Boxing Day last were trounced 4–1 by the Arsenal, which set the London side on a winning career. The Arsenal on recent form cannot expect to repeat that performance and will do well, in my opinion, to get a point. Home clubs who should win are Aston Villa, Burnley, Everton, Huddersfield, Manchester City, Newcastle, the Spurs and West Ham. Cardiff City seem to have the best chance of all away teams of picking up both points against the luckless Preston North End team, and I shall look for a draw in the Forest v. Liverpool match.

Derby County Hopes.

Derby County think they can get back to the First Division, and they are certainly good enough with average luck. They have five goal-scoring forwards and a very sound defence, and they ought to beat Southampton at Derby. Barnsley have not been quite the force they were last season, but at home one must take them to beat even such a good side as Leicester. Other probable home winners are Bradford City, Bury, Coventry City, Fulham, Leeds United, the Wednesday and Stoke. Manchester United are capable of winning at Stockport, and the Orient may get a point at South Shields.

Scottish Prospects.

In the Scottish League the Rangers are still the best side, and although the Celtic are improving, I shall expect them to be beaten at Ibrox Park. The Airdrieonians should have a comparatively easy journey against Clydebank, and full points should fall to Aberdeen, Dundee, Kilmarnock, Queen's Park and Raith Rovers in their home matches and to Partick Thistle against the Hearts at Edinburgh. Clyde v. Third Lanark and Hamilton v. Morton are likely draws.

Tip for the Cup.

It was not to be expected that Liverpool for the third year in succession at this period would be prospective champions, and I daresay the players are quite pleased with what they have done. For two years every game they have had to play has been in the nature of a cup fight, since all teams have a real go at the leaders. Liverpool are a better side than their position indicates, and when the heavy grounds come along they will make an upward move. And with any luck of the draw in the early rounds, Liverpool will want a lot of knocking out of the Cup.

What Bradford Wants.

Since Joe Bradford got four goals for the English League side, half the country expects him to score every time he plays. So he will if he gets the proper passes. At the moment the one aim of the Birmingham inside forwards is to feed the wings, and when that is done persistently, any defence can stave off goals. When the men on each side of Bradford vary their methods and give him an occasional through pass he will be booting the ball into the net a little more often. There is too much stereotyped football nowadays.

Good Attack.

Blackburn Rovers have at present their best attack since the war, and it has cost the club a bit to build up a satisfactory forward line. In Roscamp they have discovered a young player of more than the ordinary versatility. He was signed on as a centre-forward, but has played at right-half and outside-right in League games this season and is as good in one position as the other. Only Crisp's greater experience will keep this young fellow out of a regular place, and the ex-West Bromwich winger will have to play his best to do so.

FORECASTS FOR NOV. 3.

FIRST DIVISION.
Home Winners.

Aston Villa, Blackburn, *Cardiff City, Liverpool, Manchester City, Sheffield United, *Sunderland, *West Ham.

Away Winners.

*Middlesbrough.

Draws.

Chelsea v. Bolton, *Notts Forest v. Spurs.

SECOND DIVISION.
Home Winners.

Barnsley, Blackpool, *Bury, *Clapton Orient, Leicester City, Southampton.

Away Winners.

Coventry, *South Shields.

Draws.

Crystal Palace v. Hull City, Leeds v. Bradford City, *Stoke v. Derby.

THIRD DIVISION—NORTHERN.
Home Winners.

*Ashington, Bradford, Crewe, *Rotherham, *Southport, Tranmere, Walsall, Wigan, *Wolves.

Away Winners.

*New Brighton.

Draws.

Doncaster v. Rochdale.

THIRD DIVISION—SOUTHERN.
Home Winners.

*Brighton, *Bristol Rovers, Charlton, Newport, Plymouth, *Portsmouth, Southend.

Away Winners.

Q. P. Rangers, *Swansea, Millwall.

Draws.

*Luton v. Watford.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
Home Winners.

Celtic, *Falkirk, Kilmarnock, *Motherwell.

Away Winners.

Queen's Park Rangers, Raith Rovers.

Draws.

Hibs. v. Hamilton, Morton v. Dundee, Third Lanark v. Ayr.

(For coupon purposes the nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

A COMING BACK.

HENDERSON, West Ham's right back, has only to keep up his present form to be hailed as the best man in his position. The attention of the F.A. Selection Committee has been called to Henderson, and it is no secret that he is regarded with a lot of favour.

Henderson is still very young, so he can afford to wait for high honours if they elude him this season. But he has made a rapid rise to fame as this is only his second season in the top class, but he has already helped West Ham to promotion and been in a Cup final.

He comes from a real football nursery, Whitburn in Durham. Lot Jones, when manager of Aberdare, was his discoverer, and the wonder is that the Welsh club did not recognise his abilities. The West Ham management very quickly did so.

Blessed with a physique of 5 ft. 9½ in. and 12 st. 6 lb., Henderson is just big enough, but while he uses his weight when it is necessary, this is the least of his assets.

Some people think he is inclined to take risks, but he is rarely beaten for the ball when he has an even money chance of getting it. When he has time he is a skilful dribbler before he kicks, and, apart from being a delightful volleyer, he has a wonderful cross-kick, from which the ball clears the opposing defence and finds his outside left.

Ordered Off.

The first player to appear before a commission and personally offer his defence after being ordered off has lost his case and his club had to pay the expenses. What effect this will have remains to be seen, but it will not exactly encourage culprits to be similarly punitive. Incidentally, I have not noticed any good results from the new rule which enforces no pay for men under suspension. As a matter of fact, there seem to have been more players ordered off than ever this season.

Well Managed.

New Brighton have yet to make a real stir in the game, but this is one of the best-managed clubs in the Northern section. The team is a costly one, but is justifying the expense, and there is no little optimism on Mersey-side of New Brighton next season figuring in the Second Division, something that wants doing in a first season in the League. Peter Quinn, once of Preston North End, and Mathieson, the Irish international, are the stars in the attack.

Turn for Coventry.

There has been a lot of pluck shown and no little money spent in Coventry to give the town a team good enough to earn a fair proportion of the points. In the past a proper return for energy and cash has not arrived, but now the City are a really good side. Danny Shea is more than pulling his weight, and he has "made" most of the goals scored. The Coventry people are most enthusiastic over their team, and this does not do the players any harm.

Should do Better.

I think Manchester City ought to be doing better than they are. They have a clever forward line who can control the ball and pass it at top speed, a couple of class half-backs in Hamill and Sharp and quite a good defence when their regular backs are playing. Perhaps Max Woosnam makes all the difference, but he will not be available again for a couple of months yet. With him in the side, the City must have about the best middle line in the country.

Now Established 27 Years.
MESSRS.
WHITE, FISHER & CO.,
144B, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.
Do your Business with the Firm that has the Largest
FOOTBALL
Clientele in the World.
Business on Credit. Seven Leagues
NOTHING BARRED
TIP-TOP PRICES
A FEW VACANCIES FOR AGENTS.
Prize Offered £250 Every Week
RACING AS USUAL.
We Never Quibble.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO.
DAVID COPE &
ALFRED H. MAURICE,
(Established over 25 years.)
25, North Albion St., GLASGOW.
CAMBS. & MAN.
NOV. H'CAP.
LETTER COMMISSIONS.
DAILY SETTLEMENTS.
NO LIMIT
For Credit Accounts only apply to—
DAVID COPE, 97 Fleet St., London, E.C.

ALFRED H. MAURICE
(Established over 25 Years).
19, Bride Lane, London, E.C.4
THE FOOTBALL Accountant!
ALL Football Commissions Accepted on Credit only.
LONG AND SHORT LISTS.
Nothing Barred. Enormous Odds.

J. McLAUCHLAN
54, Gordon Street, GLASGOW
(Member of Principal London Sporting Clubs)

LETTERS
if time postmarked (not in code) before advertised time of Race.
NO LIMIT

CAMBS. & NOV. H'CAP.
ONE-THIRD ODDS PLACE
LISTS ON APPLICATION

SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNTS
Prospective clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with us. When sending money as guarantee, please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT."—Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened.

J. McLAUCHLAN
11, Duke Street, EDINBURGH

The grocer knows——

he can always recommend Quaker Oats. He knows it gives greater value, enjoyment and nourishment than any other food.

Millions of families throughout the world begin the day on Quaker Oats. A good steaming plateful every morning will protect *your* family from autumn chills, the beginning of winter ills.

If you pay more than 8½d. or 4½d. for a packet of oats you waste money. Pay less, you do not get as good.

Relieves Rheumatism

Musterole relaxes stiff joints and drives out pain. A clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard, it usually brings instant relief.

It does all the good work of the old-fashioned mustard plaster, without the blister. Doctors and nurses often recommend its use.

Use Musterole for coughs, colds, (it often prevents pneumonia), lumbago, for pains and aches of the back or joints.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S

MUSTEROLE

Thos. Christy & Co., London

Our Letter Parliament

Is the Church Awake?

Our Readers Air Their Views on This and Other Subjects

How to Enjoy Church.

There are about three occasions during the year when all the churches have a "Full House"—just about now (Harvest Services), Christmas, and Easter. Many a person attends church on these occasions, and these only. Why? Because we are allowed to join in, to let our voices ring; gloom is put aside. We enjoy ourselves! When the churches bring cheerfulness into their services, picture palaces will not be the only places with "Full" boards outside.—*Happy Pilgrim, Wheatstone.*

Lack of Interest.

It is certainly the duty of the churches to reasonably "interfere" in economic problems. It must not be forgotten that religion embraces the *whole* of life—and the churches must be definitely concerned with not only the personal life, but with social, political, civic and economic life. The churches are not neglecting their true functions in endeavouring to permeate the economic and social worlds with Christian principles. Christianity is more than a private devotion—it is a social function. The trouble to-day is that the churches are not sufficiently interested in the social conditions of the people.—*Rev. W. H. D., Didsbury.*

Fairplay for Parsons.

It is time a word was written in defence of the ministry. The ministers of Christ have many faults. Like the rest of mankind they err. They are human. Some of them are deplorably narrow. But their very calling demands uprightness and clean-living; they have, as a class, a high mission to lift men and not degrade them, and for such work a good example is necessary. They are not the pioneers of corruption but of righteousness. Let the minister be dealt with by his brother Britons in the spirit of fairplay. That is all we ask, and there will appear on the sea of our national life more of those kind of boats which are made to punch storms.—*Rev. H. A. M., Shotley Bridge.*

Sounding Public Opinion.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau's criticism of the churches in JOHN BULL must be acknowledged by all upholders of the Christian faith as a sincere desire to place our "credal worship" in its true perspective. The recent Conference, whilst being a belated effort to set their house in order, also appears to be a cautious sounding of public opinion. Have they courage, however, to discard such superficial methods as questionnaires and attack those more pressing problems which Mr. Frankau specifies; or to act "without fear or favour" on the reports due to the questionnaires and not to temporise when vested interests or other embarrassing situations are met with?—*A. L. K., Golders Green.*

Birth Control.

The present-day knowledge of birth control must come as a blessing to some couples. I myself, a working man's wife and a mother of eight children, have been married twenty years, and what a long struggle those twenty years have been to make ends meet. Never a holiday and only a rest when another little stranger arrived! My advice to young married people is: By all means have kiddies, but not more than you can afford to keep in comfort. This is not selfishness, but justice to self and babies. *E. M., Homerton.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

We Blush!

The Criticism of Sir Hall Caine by your readers in connection with his article "Has Christ failed?" has revealed in many ways the increasing popularity of JOHN BULL. A tremendous number of the critics are presumably religious people, who must have read the article; thus showing that in the paper are articles that appeal to the best of men and women. It is this unsolicited testimony of readers which becomes direct evidence of the sterling worth and value of JOHN BULL owing to the high standard of writers who are now filling its pages. The paper cannot do other than increase in popularity and numbers alike.—*J. H., Croston Street, Bolton.*

Killing the Cripples.

This is an answer to your "Gentleman with a Bludgeon." As an incurable invalid I was very interested with your striking article on this subject. I am paralysed and unable to walk owing to over-work and extra strain on my nerves during war-time. Despite this I am able to support by various methods my wife and family. I have not yet asked the State for a farthing, neither have I visited those generous people the Guardians. If I am no trouble or expense to anyone why should I be given a sleeping draught? Who is going to settle the question of these incurables? What about the incurable Tommy? After giving his best for his country, is he to be consigned to the knacker-yard and pole-axed?—*H. F., Sheffield.*

Mother's Apron Strings.

I was shocked at the morbid sentimentality displayed in the film "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" The picture claims to point a moral, but surely mothers are made of finer and sterner stuff than that of the always-weeping hysterical woman portrayed who lets her son go out into the world, not in the faith and hope that he will do good work, but that he will come back weeping to her, and settle down to a life of mediocrity. Where would the British Empire be if we are to take this sort of thing as what should be? Are not such pictures misleading? But then it is well to note that it was made in America.—*Picturegoer, Old Hill, Staffs.*

2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE!

Offer extended to OCT. 31. Your last chance! For full particulars see page 28.

"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT.,
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me your new model 5/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition, within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

J.B.27.10.23. Date.....

Invisible Emeralds!

At present engagement rings are simply a fashion, with the result that young men vie with one another as to who can give the girl of his fancy the most expensive engagement ring, often having to rob employers to raise the necessary cash. Why not revive the old Service of Betrothals of which the engagement ring is a survival? The consequence would naturally follow that many engagements would be more seriously entered into with subsequent happier marriages less likely to end in divorce.—*T. L. L., Nottingham.*

Uncle Sam's Way.

We often read of streets that have been "up" for repair having to be opened again (at great expense) for some shop occupier or dweller-owner who wants gas or water laid. Our authorities might, with great advantage, follow an American plan in this respect. When a street is to be opened up, a huge banner is flown announcing same nearly a month before work actually commences, thus giving people a chance to make arrangements for necessary work. Once the street has been "up," it will not be opened again for individuals who took no notice of the warning.—*Plumber, Glasgow.*

Temperance and Truth.

So much can be said in defence, so much in condemnation of prohibition that the plain individual, with no pretensions to the cleverness of contending opinion, may well hesitate in a maze to make his decision. And all the time the truth of this question is obscured from him only by his effort to follow the controversy, and the moment he asks *himself* "Which is the greater? The benefit, or the misery, that drink has produced?"—he need listen to no statistical contortions from Stiggins or Publican, for such is the simplicity and beauty of truth.—*J. C., Kilmaurs Road, Edinburgh.*

Side-walk Salesmen.

I think it is about time means were devised to prevent the annoyance to the public by some shopkeepers. I refer to the practice, more particularly among the Jewish shopkeepers, of worrying people who stop to look in their windows. I went to purchase a coat, and money not being too plentiful, wished to see the window displays to see where the best bargain was to be had. The moment I stopped, out came someone, worrying me to enter. This is not only very annoying, but I should think also tends to drive prospective customers away.—*E. M. H., Lr. Edmonton.*

Spuds—or Pommes de Terre?

What is the use of the absurd practice of hotels and restaurants writing their menus in French? It seems to me to be merely a form of snobbishness which assists nobody, but bothers the man in the street who cannot speak French. Isn't the English language good enough as a medium for ordering meals? And if it *does* bother the foreign chef, then make him learn our language instead of inconveniencing hundreds.—*I. D., Edinburgh.*

Miners' Iron Rations.

The finding of entombed coal miners alive after ten days makes one wonder if it be not advisable to follow the methods of Tommy while on active service, and provide every miner with emergency rations—a tin of bully-beef and a few hard biscuits. There would be less danger of entombed miners being starved to death before the rescuers reached them.—*Pioneer, Coalville.*

A £4:10:0 PURE WOOL OVERCOAT

to measure for

£2:5:0

or in

S. B. CHESTERFIELD STYLE

£2:0:0

ONLY

"WARMTH WITHOUT WEIGHT."

"Jock" Rutherford (the famous Arsenal Footballer) in his Barry "Warmth Without Weight" Overcoat.

[Photo by Personality Photo Press.

If you would only give us the few moments it takes to mail us a postcard with your name and address there is no question as to who would make your next overcoat or suit. The Barry Service bids for that privilege under guarantees that never leave your satisfaction in doubt for a single instant.

WHEREVER YOU RESIDE WE UNDERTAKE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY.

HERE IS OUR UNIQUE PLEDGE.

If, after examining the excellent material, workmanship and finish of this wonderful Barry "Warmth Without Weight" Overcoat, you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the amount paid but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this Overcoat with the cheap sale goods so extensively offered at the present time. It is something entirely different.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

Possibly you do not need an overcoat or suit at the moment. No matter! Send for our patterns and booklet just the same, and you will then know where to go when you are in need of new clothes. As we have said, once you have seen our patterns and read the striking testimony of our gratified clients, the question of your next tailor is never in doubt.

A £12:12:0 Bond Street Dress Suit for £6:10:0	A Pure WOOL SUIT to Measure for £2:0:0	THE BARRICO COVERT COAT to Measure THE FINEST £3:5:0 RAINCOAT on the market. Lined throughout:

If you cannot call personally, our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your order carefully packed.

SENT CARRIAGE PAID AT OUR RISK ENTIRELY.

FREE. The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Send us a postcard forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE OR CALL. These calling may be measured in our Show-rooms.

S. A. BARRY & Co

(J.B. DEPT.), 36, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

EXCLUSIVELY MEASURE TAILORS

(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

Lithe, Blithe Babies

Happy, firm-limbed, clear-complexioned little beings, bubbling over with the health that means sturdy growth and full development. That is the kind of Baby every Baby becomes when fed on COW & GATE MILK FOOD. Its perfect purity, ease of assimilation, and maximum nourishment quickly overcome every Handicap Nature usually imposes on Babies whose Mothers are unable to feed them direct.

Cow & Gate Milk Food

Of all Chemists **1/6, 2/9 7/9 per Tin**

COW & GATE FOOD is made from the best milk of healthy West Country herds, and offers a complete natural nourishment free from every harmful element.

Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

Write your name and address on this Coupon, post to us, and we will send post free a miniature tin of COW & GATE MILK FOOD.

.....

.....

.....

WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS. DEPT. A.11.

Dept. A.11, Cow & Gate House, Guildford, Surrey.

Babies Love it!

Ask for Wills's

GOLD FLAKE CIGARETTES

10 for 6D

Cottage Model

50,000

ALADDIN MANTLE LAMPS OFFERED ON TEN DAYS'

FREE TRIAL

Simply and solely to let you see for yourself what a wonderful light the Aladdin really is, we make this generous offer. We will send you, free of all cost an Aladdin Table Lamp for 10 days' free trial. You may test it in any way you like. If you are not completely satisfied after 10 days' use that the Aladdin Mantle Lamp is far and away the best light in every way that you have ever seen, you can send it back to us. You take absolutely no risk of any kind.

New Paraffin Light

The Aladdin Mantle Lamp burns common paraffin. It radiates 80 candle-power, pure, soft, white light—the best and least harmful known to science. It lights at the wick like an ordinary lamp and burns without noise. No smoke or smell. No pumping up—cannot explode. It can be carried safely from room to room. Simple to use; nothing to get out of order. Extremely economical, because it burns 94 per cent. air. Proved to cost less than ¼d. an hour. Already over seven million Aladdin lamps are in use around the world and the numbers grow fastt daily as the Aladdin becomes more and more known.

Aladdin MANTLE LAMPS

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED to demonstrate the Aladdin in territory where oil lamps are used. Experience unnecessary. Let us show you how to earn £100 a month. Write quickly for territory and samples.

GET YOURS FREE. Write for ten days free trial and learn how to get your Aladdin free.

£200 REWARD will be given to anyone showing us an oil lamp equal to the Aladdin in every way. (Details of this offer given in our circular.)

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, LTD., 64 ALADDIN BUILDINGS, 124, Southwark St., London, S.E.1

You can motor cheaply to-day—

Motoring for

by

OUR considered judgment on the Austin Seven was gloriously fulfilled at Brooklands. The tiniest of the team by far in its class, it romped home second. Its average of nearly seventy-seven non-stop for 200 miles is a unique performance for a car of its size. Some surprise for the spectators which should be followed with some success in the markets.

In the larger class the Alvis Victory was very gratifying. It leaves us with no excuse for going abroad even for speed cars, which has been a somewhat common practice. We will return to the Alois on another occasion, for the moment we must further explore the possibilities for the people whose purchasing power is strictly limited.

With this end in view I had a look at a Marseal. It comes within the circle of cars under £200, which are built on standard lines. Here as in the Austin we have four cylinders water-cooling a magneto, with low petrol and oil consumption. B.L.I.C. starting and lighting set is part of the equipment. A sturdy side-valve engine well set on a more solid under-carriage than one would expect at first glance, looks as if it would stand more wear and tear than some of the lighter types of overhead valve engines.

Brookland's Style.

The Sports Model should appeal to the younger generation. The low rakish aluminium body, flanked with a very commodious exhaust pipe, is in the proper Brookland's style, and I would like to see some demonstration on the track.

Still keeping to water-cooled types under £200, the Morris is always with us. Holding its own by virtue of its excellence and value, it requires no praise. It may require a little more petrol than the Austin, but petrol is getting very cheap, and counts for less on the yearly bill than formerly.

Water-cooling.

Conservative by instinct, I am compelled to admit, that water-cooling is not absolutely necessary for small cars. Whatever suspicions may have lurked in my mind when enthusiastic friends have boasted of the success of their air-cooled engines, they have been silenced for ever by the B.S.A., and Stoneleigh attack on Snowdon. Developments in air-cooled engines have just been waiting for some such conclusive test, and we can safely anticipate some rapid strides within the next year.

The big fellows may be looking at the development of the small car with anxious eyes, but there is nothing to fear; Once a motorist always a motorist. How often have I seen the beginning, only a little one, but in a year it is passed on, and something bigger is wanted. There is no finality to human desire. Little cars breed big cars, so everything possible should be done to encourage the novice. For that reason, if for no other, I object to any silly scheme for the application of a driving test, as a condition of granting a licence.

When a man has bought a car he will quickly learn to drive. If he has to learn first he may never buy. Having taught, I am in a position to state that they are seldom dangerous at the learning stage Fear for themselves makes for very great care. When he has ceased to be a pupil, and can drive sufficiently well to pass any fair test, he may become very dangerous,

A Happy Xmas for 50,000 Children

THE WONDERFUL OXO OFFER of 50,000 monster Xmas Stockings is regarded as being absolutely unique. Everyone has the opportunity of securing this lovely gift.

50,000 ALL-BRITISH STOCKINGS, 2 feet long, nicely boxed, are stored in our London Warehouses waiting to give 50,000 children a Jolly Xmas.

POST YOUR WRAPPERS QUICKLY so that some child known to you will be one of the happy 50,000.

For Specimen Stocking and Conditions Look in Your Grocer's Window.

OXO

OXO Limited, 2, Thames House, London, E.C.

the Million

—Our correspondent points the way

MOTOMAC

for a newly certified driver is just bursting to show his skill. In fact, the most dangerous of all is the man who is driving constantly, not for pleasure, but for a livelihood. He gets indifferent at his work just because it is *work*, and yet he would pass any test with flying colours.

Dangers of the Road.

The truth of the matter is that the danger has been grossly exaggerated, probably in the first place to boom the insurance policy of the press, and later because they found the public interested. Relatively I am convinced the dangers on the road are not greater than they were a century ago. In my boyhood days in the little country town, an accident with a runaway horse was a common occurrence. To-day a motor accident in the same town would be a great incident. We have a million motor vehicles on the roads. I don't think we ever had anything like a million horse vehicles in our history, and people are apt to forget that there were accidents in travelling even on "Shanks's Pony."

Some one with a nose for statistics should give us the percentage of accidents

The Humber 2¾.

per motor mile. It would be amazingly low. It is worth doing, for some people still look upon the motorist as a dangerous nuisance, whereas he is in many respects a benefactor.

For instance, one of the big schemes to provide work for our unemployed is an expenditure of 14 millions on roads—roads which will ultimately benefit everybody. The motorist is contributing directly by special taxation 12 millions out of the fourteen. Next year he will pay even more.

At Olympia.

As I write crowds of people are pushing their way into the show at Olympia where they are buying motor cycles at any price from £24 upwards. It is a strange sight: hundreds of people willing and anxious to become tax-payers and road-menders by proxy, but they will get their money's worth out of that tax.

Comfort.

There is a nip in the air these mornings, and the motorist should be looking to his winter equipment. An accessory which is rapidly becoming a necessity on all touring cars is the rear screen. Like everything connected with motoring it is improving daily. In its incipient stages it was a bit too flimsy to stand the strain. Until quite recently the best of them had a tendency to creep, and constant adjustment kept the passengers almost as busy as the driver.

The "Perfecta" rear screen has been evolved to stand the strain, and to stay where it is put. Some motorists scorn such comforts, they generally use the driver's seat, and know not the pain of the passenger on a cold or windy day.

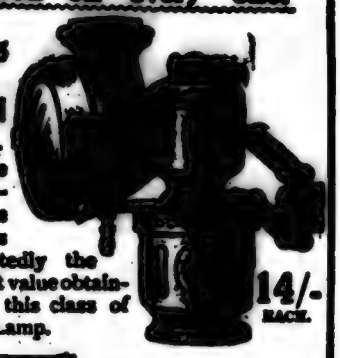
***

For fuller particulars about cars mentioned here send coupon on page 2.

The "Touch" of "P & H" is seen on every one.

No. 140 H.B.
The POPULAR
Motor Cycle Acetylene Set is suitable for either a light or medium weight machine. Price 30/- EACH.

No. 105
NEW SULTAN
Model-de-Luxe Acetylene Lamp is undoubtedly the greatest value obtainable in this class of Cycle Lamp. 14/- EACH.



Before buying a Lamp you should always examine the "P & H" Range—we make models to suit all types of machines.
Write for our illustrated List.

Pyatt & Hammond Ltd
"THE HOUSE FOR VALUE"
ASTON MANOR, BIRMINGHAM

Play Billiards in your own home.

14/- DOWN

A Postal Order for 14/- will bring carriage paid to any address within 5 miles of a railway station in the United Kingdom, the 6 ft. 4 in. size "IMPERIAL" BILLIARD TABLE (Cash Price, £11 15s.) to fit on ordinary dining table. The balance you pay monthly. There are various sizes to fit all dining tables—see price list.

Seven Days' Free Trial Given.

Write for Free Price List.

RILEY'S "COMBINED" BILLIARD and DINING TABLES, from £22 10s., or in 12 or 20 monthly payments. Riley's are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Write for particulars. Estimates given free for all repairs and accessories.

Riley's Imperial Full Size Billiard Table

E. J. RILEY, LTD., DUKE WORKS, ACCRINGTON.
London Showrooms (Dept. 2), 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

PROOF

The triumphs of Shell in the Schneider's Cup, the French Grand Prix, the Boulogne Grand Prix, the Aerial Derby, the King's Cup, the historic Atlantic and Australian flights, are one form of proof of superiority. Another is *the evidence of*

Prominent Motor Journalists who have witnessed the testing of Shell:

Mr. H. MASSAC BUIST in *The Observer*.
"A higher 'useful compression' than any other of the well-known brands."

Capt. E. DE NORMANVILLE in *The Motor Owner*.
"The superiority of Shell . . . . so convincingly demonstrated."

Mr. J. OWEN in *The Referee*.
"In every case Shell Mo or Spirit went further than the others."

Mr. LEONARD HENSLAWE in *The Gentlewoman*.
"The superiority of Shell over other brands was . . . . strikingly proved."

SHELL

DEVELOPS THE *UTMOST* HORSE-POWER

SHELL-MEX LTD., SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

Absolute satisfaction in shaving

That's what VINOLIA gives you—a rich, generous lather, and an after-feeling of cool cleanliness. VINOLIA is an all-British product. Insist on it, and you are nine-tenths of the way towards the perfect shave.

VINOLIA CO. LTD., LONDON.

PRICE IN ALUMINIUM CASE 1/3 REFILLS 1/-

VINOLIA SHAVING-STICK

Also Hardened Stick 1/-; Premier Stick 7½d.
Of all Chemists and Stores.

RV 643—645

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

L. A. W. (Alatree).—"I am a father of ten." My! You *must* have married young.

R. K. S. (Bootle).—"Things with me are not anything like too good." That's too bad.

A. P. (Birkenhead).—"What would comedy be without wit?" Revue, probably.

S. V. (Andover).—"You cannot possibly make money to-day without money." That's the principle.

H. J. B. (York).—"I must own to a certain amount of sympathy with the growler." Now that's handsome!

S. H. (Boston).—"Lately the Sunday papers have been filled with some very poor stuff." Stuff and nonsense, a lot of it.

F. G. K. (Braids).—"Workhouses have improved since Charles Dickens wrote 'Oliver Twist.'" But they're still just as unpopular.

SAL (Newcastle).—"It is useless trying to keep boys from climbing." But we can always see that they start at the foot of the right ladder.

H. H. B. (Banff).—"If there is anything that lowers the fitness of our race it is the food we eat." Or the food so many can't afford to eat.

B. R. L. (Burton-on-Trent).—"Not only can the profiteer own his Town house but he also has his country seat." And we've got to stand for it!

R. W. T. (Doncaster).—"Growing children demand something to eat between the regulation meal hours." We prefer to hear them ask for it nicely.

P. R. I. (Shotts).—"The street hawker pays neither rates nor income tax, so what has he to shout about?" Depends entirely on what he's selling.

N. D. (Spalding).—"The sensible plan is to make it a rule to put something away each week." And make sure that the ticket is put in a safe place.

W. H. (Birmingham).—"From statistics we find that refuse from dustbins varies from one to four tons per inhabitant per annum." That's rubbish!

W. A. (Dewsbury).—"You cannot expect to walk far in boots made of paper." Which isn't surprising when you remember that paper is invariably stationery.

L. R. (Edinburgh).—"Professional boxing matches are now only a matter of a few seconds." And very often the few seconds are considerably more active than the two pugilists.

PHIL (Leyton).—"My wife threatens to go to France." Surely, that will make you cross.

M. S. (Taunton).—"I am the mother of twin boys and they are both dears." Dear! Dear!!

H. T. (Watford).—"I can't settle down to work while I am in diggings." Gracious, you must be in a hole.

MADELINE (Nuneaton).—"The story I have sent to you will grip the reader." We thought there was a catch in it.

JOHN O'DEE (Perth).—"In drinking whiskey no one oughter spoil the taste by adding water." Now, that's neat!

F. L. (Truro).—"An astute woman can lay most men by the heels." Yes, and a good many can lead them by the nose.

TIM (Bideford).—"There is still a lot of inferior gas about." Yes, we're finding it in some of the letters we get.

MRS. POTTER (Salverton).—"My son wants to get on, but his fiancee stands in his light." Then it can't be a very good match.

S. N. (Grimsby).—"It is possible to get rid of almost any nervous complaint by laughing at it; I know I can." Then you're a cure.

A. M. C. (Leeds).—"Like so many people I get sick and tired of summer before it is over, and so I welcome the winter." On the other hand, winter leaves us cold.

A. T. (Andover).—"Before they can possibly think of getting married engaged couples have their futures to think of." And *when* getting married, their presents.

H. J. B. (Bordon).—"In this part of Hampshire, they wish to kill employment." And, in so many other parts of the country, it seems to be dead already.

G. L. (Bedminster).—"To my way of thinking 90 per cent. of women are cats." Possibly that's why so many of them endeavour to keep their men folk up to the scratch.

L. Y. (Yarmouth).—"The surest preventative against colds and influenza is a periodical spraying of all rooms and public offices with a disinfectant." Then, by all means, let us spray.

"P.O. 1" (Harwich).—"New surname initials for prize money have just been issued, and the series now reads: A, B, C, E, F, G, L, M, N, O, S, T, P, U, V." The address to apply to is Cornwall House, Stamford Street, S.E. 1.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

P. C. (Sunderland).—"Look at the present-day girl." We frequently do, and she's very nice too.

T. N. (Redhill).—"Influenza is not by any means a new complaint." No, sir! It's as old as the *other* ills.

EX-SERVICE (Tottenham).—"My wife the other day bought a coat for £5." Good! Bet she's all wrapped up in it!

W. R. T. (Brixton Hill).—"I go by Big Ben every night and morning during the week." Just to pass the time, we suppose.

M. R. (Devonport).—"Of all the great musicians, I prefer Handel to any." There! That's something you can get hold of.

R. B. (Edmonton).—"I am always there when wanted because I live over my shop." Then you're very frequently above your business.

H. W. (Stafford).—"The moment I get in an argument I lose my head." So long as you don't lose anything valuable, why worry?

C. K. (Preston).—"It's the married man who has learned wisdom enough to get out of the rain." And the bachelor doesn't care a darn if it snows.

H. C. (Swindon).—"My one hobby is puzzles, and I am exceptionally good at them." Then we must send you our Income Tax form to fill up for us.

T. R. N. (Scarborough): "To drive along some of our awful roads at night, the motorist wants courage in his heart." And, most likely, he gets grit in his eyes.

W. S. T. (Stoke-on-Trent)—"What is nicer than to have a child running about the house?" Nothing, so long as you've got a house for the child to run about in.

R. D. (Sudbury).—"Had it not been for good old JOHN BULL I would have been done to the tune of a tenner." That is the sort of music to which we turn a deaf ear.

E. C. (Bristol).—"I would like to know how all the bookies got their "posh" names." Sir! Some of the names we have heard a few of them called have been anything but "posh."

Mrs. F. C. (Southampton).—"Let the clergy help those who have gone astray instead of shunning them, as so many do." True! So often the preacher restricts his preaching to the converted.

A. A. (Beckenham).—"It is a wife's duty to interest herself in her husband's profession and to talk things over with him." Many wives content themselves with talking their husbands over.

F. E. McLAURIN (Columbia Road, E. 2).—"My First Prize effort in *Bullets* No. 498 was entered in my wife's maiden name—E. Lewis." Well, don't blame us if she collars your £250.

H. E. (Bayswater).—"My ambition is to have a wonderful collection of antique metal." That's nothing new.

NEVER MORE (Liverpool).—"On my word as a man I have backed my last horse." Clearly because the last wasn't first.

B. A. S. (Chislehurst).—"I am like the public orator. I talk best when standing on my feet." You stand to reason, as it were.

G. R. K. (Bilston).—"I must admit that I know nothing whatever about politics." Then you simply *must* become an M.P.

A. McM. (Peebles).—"Where would Scotland stand if prohibition became an established fact?" Steady! boy. Steady!!

P. R. (Catford).—"As a class I don't think that landlords are hard men." And certainly the majority of them are by no means soft.

T. B. R. (Devizes).—"It is agreed on all hands that high heels are injurious." So it's a mighty good thing they aren't on all feet.

R. D. (St. Anne's).—"Would you describe street hawking as a business or a trade?" Neither; we should refer to it as a calling.

L. G. (Burnlem).—"Your paper was never so good as it is now." And yet is not so good that we haven't planned to make it even better.

B. L. (Ashford).—"Because of the poor harvests most farmers are about off their heads." Which certainly won't help them any to get on their feet.

P. A. (Church End).—"Honestly, what do you think of this my initial literary effort?" Honestly, we think the most appropriate initials are W.P.B.

C. H. T. (Earlstown). "The difference between pure milk and curdled milk is easy to define." We should say it's as different as chalk from cheese.

M. F. (Thornton Heath). "It is the pedestrian who is the *real* road hog." Perhaps that's why he has to keep his eyes about him if he wants to save his bacon.

S. R. P. (Rotherham).—"Before coming to a conclusion on any problem, I look on both sides of it, and look twice." And that's ever so much better than seeing double.

P. E. (Newton).—"In my opinion present-day married women go out too much by themselves." In our opinion that shows the trust present-day husbands place in them.

A. G. M. (Streatham).—"We hear a lot about the man in the street, but who is he anyhow?" He's the man who is likely to get run over unless he gets back on to the pavement.

T. K. (Bradford).—"Never mind what the papers say, Lancashire and the West Riding are literally hives of industry." Then we can see a lot of the unemployed making a bee-line for there.

P. K. (Maida Vale).—"Many electors are fearful of certain types of women becoming too active as M.P's." Probably because they consider they would be more suitably employed as M.A's.

J. Y. (Edgware).—"My wife is mad on dancing, but, like very many husbands, I'm not. Now what can one do for the best in such a case?" You must either go with her and sit out, or let her go alone and sit up.

G. G. (Stoke Newington).—"As a police-constable I protest against the manner in which a section of the public run down the force." Cheer up, Robert! The section of the public that runs down the force are probably the section the force is obliged to run in.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

POSITIVELY CLOSES OCT. 31.

The Closing Date of John Bull's Offer of a

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE

is now extended to

WED., OCT. 31.

Illustration much reduced.

At the time of going to press applications are still pouring in. Rather than disappoint any of our readers we have decided to extend the offer FOR THE LAST TIME to OCT. 31. ***THIS IS POSITIVELY YOUR LAST CHANCE!***

TURN TO COUPON ON PAGE 24 NOW.

Nature's Wonderful Triumph Over Illness

200,000 Cases Cured Entirely Without Medicine

IT gives me the greatest pleasure to invite all readers of JOHN BULL who are suffering ill-health to learn without cost or obligation to themselves about the Natural Curative Physical Culture method of obtaining Perfect Health.

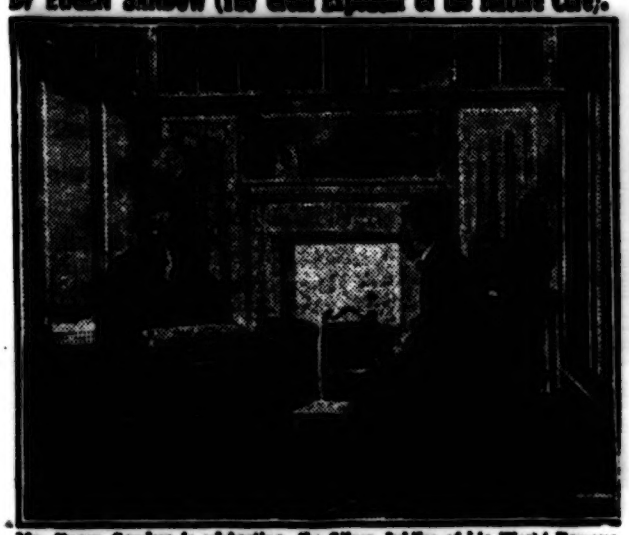
I shall advise them how they can, by small cost in time or money, follow out the system which originally built me up from a puny, delicate boy into a manhood of such health and strength as to win for me the name of being the "Strongest Man in the World." How that health and strength has been maintained by my system may be judged from two portraits of myself which appear on this page; the one, was taken 25 years ago, and the other recently.

For those who cannot call owing to distance of residence I have prepared a series of illustrated treatises, written in popular language, explaining how the Sandow method overcomes and eradicates many of the most prevalent complaints.

The Entrance to the most wonderful Curative Establishment in the World. THE SANDOW INSTITUTE. Within its portals has been achieved the most notable Triumph of Curative Science. During the last 25 years more than 200,000 ailing people have been restored healthy, strong, and capable of enjoying life, work, and play to the full, all without any operation, medicine drastic dietary, or other unpleasant experience.

Special Arrangements for FREE ADVICE To Readers of "John Bull" Wherever they Live.

By EUGEN SANDOW (The Great Exponent of the Nature Cure).



Mr. Eugen Sandow is celebrating the Silver Jubilee of his World-Famous Institute at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., for the cure of Illness without Medicine by granting Free Consultations Daily, between 11 and 1.30 and 3.30 and 5.30 (Saturdays 11 to 1), at which he personally interviews and advises sufferers from any of the complaints mentioned on this page, how they can, at quite small cost in time or money, regain perfect Health by natural means without medicine. To those who cannot call, Mr. Sandow will post Free a treatise specially dealing with the sufferer's complaint, upon receiving the "John Bull" Entitling Coupon printed below.

The treatment which I recommend involves only a few minutes a day of simple, light bodily movements, which can be undertaken by the most delicate invalid lady, as well as by the strongest man who may have fallen out of condition, for my treatment is such that it is adapted in each case to the exact needs and strength or weakness of the sufferer.

My advice to readers of JOHN BULL, if suffering from any of the troubles mentioned below, is to come and see me at 32, St. James Street, London, S.W., or write to me without delay.

It will be the first step for you towards that perfect health, by means of which alone you can enjoy both the duties and pleasures of life, to the full extent to which every Man, Woman, and Child is entitled.

EUGEN SANDOW

AT 20 YEARS OF AGE.

AT 55 YEARS OF AGE.

No more remarkable testimony to the efficacy of the Sandow System of Health Creation and Health Maintenance could possibly be found than its effects as displayed in the person of its distinguished author, Eugen Sandow. Think of it—25 years had elapsed between the taking of these two photographs! The same method which has done this for him is now at the disposal of every Out-of-Health reader of "John Bull."

If Your Trouble is Mentioned Here

Write To-day for a FREE COPY of whichever of SANDOW'S GUIDES TO PERFECT HEALTH deals with your complaint. These are the Treatises in SANDOW'S HEALTH LIBRARY, one of which will be sent you FREE on request.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

Case No. A 23,360. Mr. D. H., aged 21.

My liver is now in proper order. My appetite is quite good; so, also, is my digestion, and everything is satisfactory. The treatment has cured me.

LIVER TROUBLES.

Case No. A 32,672. Mrs. M. C., Michieover, aged 47.

The liver is also much more active, and I am able to get through my work without feeling real exhaustion, and now I am becoming ambitious.

NEURASTHENIA.

Case No. A 32,647. Miss M. W. P., Aberdeen, aged 26.

I am very grateful to you for the careful way in which my lessons were compiled, for instead of the wreck I felt at the beginning of the course I now feel in splendid condition.

OBESITY.

Case No. 11,027. Mrs. H., aged 40.

I have now lost a stone in weight. Exercise is becoming a pleasure to me, and I feel remarkably well.

INSOMNIA.

Case No. A 32,946. Mrs. L. T., New Kent Road, aged 30.

I sleep well and enjoy my food and have a good appetite, whereas before taking your advice I was told I did not eat enough to keep a canary alive.

Sleep for 7½ hours, and when you consider that for years and years I have not managed 3 hours' sleep per night you will see that the improvement is really excellent.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

Case No. A 29,340.

It is with much gratitude that I can really say you have cured me of my complaint. I walk quite straight, no limping, and I have enjoyed myself this year more than I have done for the past twenty years.

HEART AFFECTIONS.

Case No. A 33,042. Mr. D. E., Brynamman, aged 49.

The doctor was here last Saturday with one of my little children, and I asked him to examine me, and he said that my heart is better than he ever knew it.

LUNG AND CHEST COMPLAINTS.

Case No. AD 22,905.

Your exercises seem to be working wonders with my lungs and chest, and are no doubt fortifying me against the rigours of an English winter.

ANÆMIA.

Case No. A 23,465. Miss V. P., aged 29.

General health much improved. Appetite much better. Have more energy and strength. Altogether I feel better in every way that I have done for years, and all my friends remark how much better I am looking.

PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN MEN. PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN WOMEN.

Case No. BB 653. Lady, aged 26.

Improvement still maintained; the curvature of bottom of the back is gone, shoulders are now level, and general health splendid.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT AND FIGURE CULTURE.

Case No. 11,478. Mr. R. G. C., aged 18.

I am more than satisfied; I have increased 6½ in. round the chest, and my height has gone up 3½ in.

CONSTIPATION.

Case No. A 31,861. S. S., aged 31.

Before your treatment I was always taking aperients to keep my bowels in order. During the past six months my bowels have been regular and easy.

LACK OF VIGOUR.

My system of natural health culture and physical exercise, described in this book, is, I am confident, the only method of treatment which can claim to have been really successful in these cases.

Case No. BB 664. Gentleman, aged 50.

I am greatly pleased to say I feel a new man.

BOYS' & GIRLS' HEALTH AND AILMENTS.

Children should be healthy and happy, should grow in beauty, grace, and power day by day.

This book explains how even the most delicate boys and girls can be made healthy and strong, and natural beauty developed.

Case No. A 22,666. Master Jack H., aged 14.

Enclosed please find Jack's report. I am thoroughly convinced that your course has benefited him very much.

THE VOICE OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

More than 700 Doctors recommend the patients to commit and follow Mr. Sandow's advice.

A distinguished Specialist says:—

"I have watched with keen delight the development of the science of physical training."

Extracts from a few of the hundreds of letters received from Doctors:

"The subjects with which you deal are most important to the coming generation."

"I can see that you have got to the bottom of the Riddle of Disease and its consequences. The future I feel sure, will be full of changes, not only for the medical profession, but for the entire people in their relationship towards those who seek to instruct them."

"You are very right and I like your teaching."

"I quite agree that your methods will go a long way to improve the conditions of health, and have for some years back instructed my patients to go in for your line of treatment."

THE VOICE OF TRUTH. An Historic Certificate.

"We find that the Sandow Treatment has completely achieved the object for which it was undertaken in no fewer than 94 per cent. of cases, and satisfactorily improvement was produced in over 99 per cent. of cases."

Over 200,000 Successfully treated cases.

40,000 Cases of Neurasthenia.
40,000 Cases of Indigestion.
30,000 Cases of Constipation.
25,000 Cases of Liver trouble.
12,000 Cases of Obesity.
7,000 Cases of Heart Trouble.
5,000 Cases of Lung and Chest Complaints.
5,000 Cases of Rheumatism and Gout.
4,000 Cases of Anæmia.
4,000 Cases of Lack of Vigour.
4,000 Cases of Insomnia.
4,000 Cases of Spinal Curvature and other Physical Defects.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT AND GENERAL PERFECTION. Tens of Thousands of Men and Women made physically Fit and Strong to carry on their occupations as well as many thousands of delicate and ill-developed boys and girls made perfectly healthy and strong.

THE VOICE OF ROYALTY, NOBILITY, THE CHURCHES, UNIVERSITIES AND SCHOOLS.

Gracious Messages of Appreciation of Mr. Sandow's work have been received from

H.M. King George.
H.M. Queen Alexandra.
H.M. The King of Italy.
H.M. The King of Belgium.
H.M. The King of Sweden.
H.M. The King of Denmark.
H.M. The Queen of Holland.
H.M. The King of Norway.
H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught.
H.R.H. Princess Louise.
H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught.
His Ex. M. Gustave Ador, Woodrow Wilson, Ex-Pres. U.S.A.
William H. Taft, Ex-Pres. U.S.A.

Also from Archbishops of York and Dublin, and of 21 Bishops. Cardinal Mercier, General Booth, the Very Rev. J. A. Hertz, Ph.D., Chief Rabbi, the late Father Vaughan.

And distinguished members of the Free Churches, Leading Nobility, and the Heads of Universities and Schools have joined in voicing appreciation of Eugen Sandow's contribution to the Health Welfare of the Human Race.

—FILL IN AND FORWARD TO-DAY.—

THIS "JOHN BULL" ENTITLING COUPON for free Copy of the Sandow Guide to Health and PERSONAL LETTER of ADVICE on your case by Mr. SANDOW.

Please send me your BOOK on .....

My OCCUPATION is .....

My AGE is .....

NAME .....
(Please say Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or Title).

ADDRESS .....

27.10.23. .....

To EUGEN SANDOW, 32, ST. JAMES' ST., S.W. 1.

THE VOICE OF PARLIAMENT.

Hundreds of Members of Parliament have adopted the Sandow Method of Health Without Medicine for their own and their families' good.

Mr. Eugen Sandow was the principal Witness before the Parliamentary Royal Commission which resulted in Physical training becoming part of the Public Schools' Curriculum.

A Cabinet Minister writes:

"I consider you are doing a valuable work for the country in this period of reconstruction by calling attention to the needs of physical welfare as a basis of the wider well-being of the nation."

A leading Statesman says:

"I have long been convinced that physical development is a great idea, and that you have done much to develop it."

GRAVES

HORNLESS GRAMOPHONE

Produced in our own Sheffield Factory and warranted perfect in all respects. Unrivalled for all-round excellence and naturalness of tone. Finest value obtainable.

WE DELIVER the Graves Hornless Gramophone, carriage paid to all approved orders, for £5/- with order. Balance is payable in 12 monthly payments of £5/- if you are entirely satisfied.

5/- NOW

SATISFACTION is guaranteed. If for any reason whatever you are disappointed return the machine to us in good condition within 7 days and we will immediately refund the whole of your money.

GRAVES HORNLESS GRAMOPHONE is a machine of absolute dependability and unrivalled excellence. Beautifully polished Cabinet of selected oak size 14½ x 14 x 7½in. with broad base & neat louvre front. The Powerful Motor has a worm drive, is silent and even running, and is precisely adjusted. The machine is fitted with Speed Regulator, improved starting & stopping device, Tapered Tone Arm, & a Sound Box that reproduces all classes of needle records with unsurpassed naturalness & charm. All bright parts heavily nickel plated. £5 15 :0

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of our newest designs, including Horn Machines, Keenest prices and Easy Monthly Payment Terms. Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

The Machine of Quality

VARICOSE VEINS

ULCERS, BAD LEGS, etc., POSITIVELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED.

A Marvellous New Scientific Discovery for VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS etc.

SENT ON APPROVAL

Money Instantly Refunded if not Satisfied.

No matter how severe your complaint, our new method will CURE YOU. Instant relief guaranteed, failure impossible. No drugs, bandages or experimenting, no relapse, no quackery. Astounding successes where Hospitals, Specialists, Doctors, and other treatments have failed.

Thousands of Unsolicited Sworn Testimonials from all parts of the world, many from cases which were considered hopeless

REMEMBER THIS

WE SEND THE

TREATMENT ON TRIAL

TAKE THE FIRST STEP NOW. Call or write for full particulars of our Trial Treatment and ask for Free Sample. Testimonials and Booklet "B"

Le Brasseur Surgical Manf'g Co., Ltd.

(Dept. V.T.)

29, Sackville St., Piccadilly, LONDON, W.

Head Office:

90 & 92, WORCESTER ST., BIRMINGHAM.

WORKS: PARSY, PARIS, FRANCE.

FREE! FREE! FREE! We send absolutely free The Mystic Dancing Charlie Chaplin to all who send Postal Order Sixpence for our Illustrated Catalogue of Magic Tricks, Puzzles, Jokes, etc. The Eclipse Novelty Co., Dept. G, Francis Terrace, London, N.19.

2/6 Weekly

is all you pay for our No. 66A Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled, made in colours. Steel pedals and carriage paid. 63

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled models. Tyres and accessories 331 per cent below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for illustrated catalogue.

CASH OR CREDIT £5 15s. CASH

Meek

Cycle Company (1923), Dept. B.3071, Birmingham.

TO MASTER RHEUMATISM

Drive the Poison from Your Blood.

Until not long ago, doctors as well as patients thought rheumatism was due to damp and cold. You need fear neither of these if there is no rheumatism poison in your blood. It is an acid which only finds its way into impoverished blood.

This acid in the blood has an irritating effect, almost like vinegar dropped into a wound. The blood carries it to the muscles, and their tender surfaces are tormented by it, especially during the winter, making the sufferer think that damp is the cause. It is only part of the cause. Sometimes the acid concentrates in the joints and we grow stiff.

But it can all be cured, for Dr. Williams' pink pills, by improving the quality of the blood, enable the system to throw off the rheumatic poison. Enriching and purifying the blood as they do, Dr. Williams' pink pills have proved successful in thousands of cases of rheumatism.

Now is the time to begin Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of chemists, or from address below, 3s. 0d. per box, post free. Good for men and women too.

FREE.—Every rheumatic sufferer should read the booklet, "The Way to be Well," sent free to all who write to F. A. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

DON'T LET THAT COUGH HANG ON.

You Can End it Now With This Splendid Home Made Remedy. Easily Prepared. Costs Little.

If you do not get rid of that cough you are simply inviting trouble. You may think it will wear itself out, but often the sufferer himself is worn out instead. Chronic bronchial coughs, influenza, pneumonia, and consumption are too often the price to be paid for neglecting a simple little cough. Stop it now. Do not run the risk of its developing into something that may permanently ruin your health. The following recipe can easily and cheaply be made at home, and is far better than anything you could buy already prepared.

From your chemists get 1 oz. of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it one half-pint of hot water and four ounces of soft sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one dessert spoonful four times a day.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. Under its healing soothing influence chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easy, tickling in the throat stops, and you get a good night's restful sleep. It is splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or catarrhal trouble. It stimulates the appetite, tastes pleasant, is slightly laxative, and has a fine tonic effect, which makes it an ideal remedy for those who have become run-down by prolonged illness. Children, too, can take it with perfect safety; in fact, it will be highly appreciated by anyone who has been racked all day and night by a bad cough.

BABY CARS from £2.1.3

Direct from Factory. On Approval. CARRIAGE PAID Retail Profits Saved Cash or Easy Terms. Send now for Free Art Catalogue.

DIRECT PUSH CHAIR SUPPLY CO. (Dept. 138), Gerrard

SHAKESPEARE'S SIXPENCE

Where Money Went in the Olden Days

THE Bard—not Wilkie of the modern music-hall, but Willie Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon and the old sixteenth-century Globe Theatre, which was the most famous place of entertainment in the spacious days of Queen Lizzie—was the real originator of our idea of collecting sixpences for "The Greatest of These——" Fund.

We wonder how many of our readers will remember the following amusing bit of dialogue from "The Comedy of Errors":—

Antipholus: Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray—
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dromio: O! sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Billy Shakespeare knew something about this sixpenny business. He knew that a sixpence was a coin of small value which might be thrown away as a "give him a drink!"

What have you done with the money that was given you last week?

There were many attractions, and sixpence was nothing to you then. What have you done with that odd sixpence?

There was the sixpence you spent on a drink you really did not want. There was the sixpence you paid for a packet of cigarettes you were too lazy to take from your pocket. There was the sixpence you gave to that taxi-driver because you could not find the exact change.

You could have done a lot with those sixpences. You didn't think of it then.

You didn't think of poor souls starving ten in a tenement built for two. You didn't think of a poor woman trying to keep her kiddies nice while her "old man" trudged the City looking for work, and she has only five-shillings worth of groceries from the Guardians.

There are hundreds of lures and attractions, as there were in Shakespeare's day, to take your sixpences, but there never was one so appealing, so helpless, so needful, as the cry of the little ones who will have to starve through the winter unless you come to their aid.

Won't you send us sixpence?

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

N. L., 5d.; "Competitor's Ninth," 2½d.; "Carluke," 1s.; "With Love," 1s 1½d.; "Mother Shipton," 4½d.; "Dewa," 8d.; T. T. P. (South Queensferry), 10s.; "Lucky Ninth," 9½d.; "Westgate-on-Sea," 4½d.; "Pennell, 3rd Ninth," 1s. 4½d.; H. Lee, 3s. 3d.; "Ulster Kinethor," 1s. 9d.; "Vulcan," 2s. 2d.; "Jacque," 1s. 4d.; "Chesham," 1s.; H. B., 6d.; "Greatest Hopes," 1s.; D. A. B., 5s.; "Peterborough Ninth," 2s. 9d.; G. S. (Blackheath), 2s. 6d.; Tom Mitchell, 1s.; "Miner Donny," 2s.; "Texas" (England), 2s. 6d.; E. J., 1s. 3d.; "One Ninth," 1s. 3d.; "Lega," 7½d.; Sergeant Murphy, 6d.; "Arturus" (Wrexham), 2s.; "Edinburgh," 6½d.; "49ths" (South Croydon), 2s 7½d.; "Ninth of a Windfall," 6d.; "Anonymous," parcel; "Wellwisher," £2; "Ashton-under-Lyne," 1s. 2d.; "Ot. Harwood," 1s. 5d.; "Wigan," 1s. 10d.; "Whitby Snake," 1s.; Mary Thompson, 2s. 6d.; "Easter Offering" (Penrith), 3s. 6d.; "Monument Road," 2s.; "Harold" (A W. Gibson, 14s. 2d.; Mrs. G., 6d.; "Me and My Gal," 1s. 1d.; "Hopeful," 4s. 7d.; "Anonymous," 1s. 6d.; "Northolt," 3s.; "Gomersal," 1s.; "Tee Bee" (Lowestoft), 1s.; W. E. Cresswell, 2s.; "Hard Up," 1s.; "Croy" (Leeds), 1s. 8d.; S. H. P. (Brum), 11d.; "Tango," 6d.; J. H. James, 3s.; "Hope," 9d.; N. D. P., 10d.; "Nil" "Forest of Dean," 1s. 1d.; "Walthamstow," 5s.; "Xinth for Luck," 1s.; "Reader's Ninth W.H.M.C.," 8s. 9d.; Mrs. Opie, 2s.; J. W. W., 2s. 6d.; M. A. B. (Whaplode), 3s.; P. W. (Crook), 2s. 2d.; J. W. Sheppard, Boots; "Our "Ninth," 9½d.; Bullets" 477, 3½d.; "Hard Up," 3d.; A. L., 2s. 3d.; "Three-Ninths," L. M. H., 2s. 6d.; "Boy," parcel; G. M. B. F., 2s. 6d.; "Burrs Hill's Ninth," 3½d.; N. F., 6d.; "A Ninth," 1s.; W. Hall, 1s.; M. A. S., Tuxford, 2s.; Ellen Scott, 2s. 6d.; B. T., 2s. 6d.; "Guard," 2s.; "Wishing You Luck," 2s. 10½d.; "More to Follow," 2s.; "Memphis," 7½d.; "Jaan," 2s. 2½d.; "Stoke Gabriel," 1s.; F. J. G. Caer, 1s. 2½d.; "Another Ninth," 9d.; "R. W. the Ninth," 10d.; R. Myraw, parcel; "Optimist," 8d.; "Macclesfield," parcel; "Reader," Edinburgh, 1s. 6d.; D. P. K., 1s.; "Faith," 2s. 3d.; "Croydon," 1s.; "Northern Punter's Ninth," 1s. 9d.; "Old Competitor," 1s.; "Shepton," 5s.; "Bill's First Ninth," 1s. 3d.; "Little Gift for Lent," 2s. 6d.; "Exact Ninth," 1s.; "Mary," 6d.; "Kay," 6d.; "Second Ninth, Exon," 1s. 6d.; "Heather Ninth," 3s. 3d.; M. E. W., 1s. 6d.; "Omnis Andar," 1s.; "Liskerret," 6d.; Good Luck to "John Bull," 10s.; "Pompey," 9d.; "Ozo," 1s.; F. D. G., 2s. 6d.; Unemployed "Bulletteer's Ninth," 6d.; Mrs. Sutton, 6d.; "Norman," 3s. 2d.; "Nil Desperandum," 1s.; "Advance Guard," 1s. 5d.; "Pat's Ninth," 1s. 3d.; "Westbourne," 8d.; "Guernsey," 2s. 6d.; "My Dear," £2 2s.; F. E. G., 1s. 6d.; "Anxious Mother," 1s. 2d.; "24 Xinths," 1s.; Hollywood "Xinth," 7½d.; S. M., 3½d.; "London, W.C.," 2s. 6d.; "E. Kensington," 1s. 8d.; C. H. R., 7d.; "Hoping to Send More," 1s. 2d.; "Hardwork" (Bristol), 1s.; "Nein Tag," 1s.; J. G. (Hawick), 1s.; "Lie" (Newport, Mon.), 9d.; "Ace," Uppermill, 1s.; "Mossead," 10d.; "Grays," 4d.; "Flora," 6d.; A. B. C., 7d.; "99," 4s. 4d.; "In Memory of Tiny," 4d.; "Xinth Through Leeds," 6d.; "Diosa," 2s.; "Barton-in-Humber," 6d.; O. F. I. H. S., 6d.; "Maple," Canada, parcel; "Ju-Ju," 2s. 3d.

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

Prize-winners of £1:

(Continued from page 31.)

New Tredegar, Mon.; C. H. Fairhurst, Room 83, Elton St., Walkley, Sheffield; Mrs. H. Falconbridge, Lower Rock, Corley, near Coventry; J. T. Fennelow, Leverington, near Wisbech; J. Fisher, 5, Roper St., Cleator, S.O., Cumberland; C. S. Fox, 5, Holly Pl., Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent; J. Gerrard, 16, Battersby St., Leigh, Lancs.; F. A. Gosling, 79, Allesley Old Rd., Coventry; S. Gregson, 15, Sycamore St., Sale Moor, Ches.; G. Harding, 30, Portsmouth Rd., Guildford; F. E. Hare, Blyth, Coleshill, Birmingham; A. Harman, 6, Aspenlea Rd., Fulham; Mrs. S. A. Harris, 36, Victoria St., Blaina, Mon.; S. Hatcher, 11, Cromwell Rd., Westham, Weymouth; T. Heathcote, 6, Eastville, Yeovil; W. Henry, 21, Hackin St., Clayton, Manchester; A. Hills, 16, Boarland, Gloucester; A. Hodgkinson, "Flaxholme," Duffield, Derby; G. Homan, 300, Yarrow St., East Wickham Estate, Welling, Kent; E. Howell, Balsall Common, Coventry; F. M. Huthwaite, 53, Queen's Rd., Watford; B. Johnson, 104, Bolton Rd., Pendleton, Manchester; W. Lea, Beef Sheet Hiring Co., Claughton Rd., Birkenhead; J. Little, 65, Kennington Park Rd., S.E.; A. W. Luff, 127, Clive Rd., West Dulwich; J. C. Madden, 29, The Village, Charlton, S.E.; Miss M. Maggs, 7, Woodborough St., Stapleton Rd., Bristol; L. Mason, 60, Grovehill Rd., Beverley, Yorks; B. McMahon, 29, Seaforth Av., Sandymount, Dublin; P. Mead, 68, St. John's Rd., East Ham, E.; L./C. L. F. Moore, C. Coy., 5th Tank Batt., Ludgershall, Wilts; J. Neal, 5, Ramsbottom St., Accrington; S. Nicholls, Station Rd., Stanley, Derby; H. R. Oakley, Thames Haven Oil Wks., Thames Haven, Essex; S. Owen, 11, Forest Rd., Tarporley, Ches.; Mrs. A. Pearce, 3, Castle Walk, Southport; F. Phillips, 2, Maesteg Rd., Maesteg, Glam.; R. Piper, Woodhouse, Sheffield; Miss L. C. Potts, 13, West Hill Drive, Mansfield; A. E. Ramsbottom, 148, Radnor St., Hulme, Manchester; E. Roebuck, 190, Kilnhurst Rd., Sandhill, near Rotherham; Miss E. Rutherford, 21, Part St., Willington, Durham; R. L. Saxby, 39, Goods Station Rd., Tunbridge Wells; C. Sharman, 57, Petergate, York; A. Slipper, 4, Germain St., Chesham; A. Smith, 12, Old School House, Dalmellington, Ayrshire; H. E. Smith, 13, Fox St., Sunderland; W. Smith, 4, The Croft, Southbury, Suffolk; Miss C. Soloman, 9, Leiston Rd., Lowestoft; W. Stanley, 1, Quayside Barbican, Plymouth; G. T. Sturgess, 112, Hospital St., Walsall; Miss V. Towell, 19, Parsingdon St., Swindon; D. Thomas, 174, Kenry St., Tonypandy, Rhondda; Mrs. O. Thompson, 22, Cecil St., Hillhead, Glasgow; Mrs. G. H. Valentine, Hardemere, South Rd., Fraserburgh, Aberdeen; S. Ward, Ashley, near Dover; F. W. Weeks, 11, Bakers Rd., Eastbourne; A. Whittlesey, 7, Rosebank, Dovercourt; G. Wigg, Amptons, Bury St. Edmunds; Miss A. P. Williams, 24, Vicarage St., Accrington; Mrs. L. Williams, 11, Bold St., Southport; S. Williams, 30, King St., Port Talbot; Mrs. G. Witcomb, Middle St., Yeovil; Mrs. F. A. Wright, 100, Devonshire Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.; S. C. Young, 44, River Side, Cambridge.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 499.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. J. POOLE, Merton Hill, Thornbury, Bristol.

Example:—My Missus
Bullet:—She Doesn't Contradict That.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. C. C. GILBY, Ridge Cottage, Stoborough, Wareham, Dorset.

Example:—Hard To Believe
Bullet:—Three British Premiers Wrong.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. R. WALBURN, 4, L'Espec Street, Northallerton, Yorks.

Example:—Struggle To Live
Bullet:—Life's Spice—Mike's Overseasoned.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

G. Jones, 184, Wadham Road, Bootle, Liverpool: Struggle To Live—Without Her—Then With.

David Pratt, 111, Harold Road, Upton Park, E. 13: On The Road—Statesmen, If Statesmen Fail.

T. W. Dodd, The Lodge, Bamford, via Sheffield: Wanted—Footman—Exchange Sent Chiropodist

F. Hibbins, Dairy Farm Cottage, Todwick, Nr. Sheffield: Struggle To Live—Collier, If Coal "Falls."

F. Whapham 19, Sanderstead Road, South Croydon: Stumbling-block — Some Would Consider Splinter.

James Lloyd, Sub-postmaster, Gobowen, Oswestry, Salop: Wanted—Overseas, Wives—Homeland, Husbands.

John Sherrett, 303n, Ards Road, Belfast: Badly Damaged—If Mud Hurt Britain.

T. A. Smart, 42, Elmfield Avenue, Aberdeen: Trifling—Shortage—Substantial Increase.

E. F. Holden, Ivy Cottage, Perry Street, Gravesend: Wise Lead—Britain Consults Her Sons.

Mrs. S. E. Barton, 57, Sandy Lane, Skelmersdale, Lancs.: Good As Ever—Russia—For Supplying Dancers.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

W. Druce, Belle Vue Road, Sandal, Wakefield: In The Family—Father's Dictator—Mother's Diplomat.

F. J. Miller, 5, Avon Street, Warwick: Until Further Orders—From Mussolini, World Revolves.

W. Clements, 74, Bennetts Road, Saltley, Birmingham: Wise Lead—Short One On Germany.

Mrs. R. Thwaite, 345, Rochdale Road, H.C. Shaw, Nr. Oldham: Bit Too Soon—Some People "Accept Situation."

Cyril C. Davies, 55, Henrietta Street, Leigh, Lancs.: A Cold—Risked, If Neck's Pretty.

S. H. Glenhill, 37, Garfield Street, Gainsborough: A Blunder—Cleverest Crook Makes Ultimately

E. A. Myers, 47, Charlton Lane, Charlton, S.E. 7: Next Best—Jon, Ambitious Prepare For.

Miss Annie Mills, 25, Spring Gardens, Newport, Pagnell: My Missus—"Intoxicated," Then "Sobered" Me.

F. C. Towne, Aldermoor, Minstead, Lyndhurst, Hants. Money In Pocket—All Some Pray For.

W. A. Webb, 6, Nelson Street, Crewe: On The Road—Motor Novice's Back Frequently.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

F. Adams, 188, Halsnult Rd., Leytonstone, E.; W. G. Adams, 32, Somerset Rd., Coventry; H. V. Alderman, 5, Brocas St., Eton, Windsor; E. G. Aldridge, 7, Church Cotts., Hurstpierpoint; Mrs. Amery, 30, Tanner's Hill, Deptford, S.E.; T. Austin, 2, Tindall St., Scarborough; D. Barlow, 28, Cowper St., Ashton-under-Lyne; Mrs. E. Bevan, 256, West End Lane, Hampstead, N.W.; G. Blackledge, 8, Friday St., Chorley, Lancs.; G. Birth, 76, Albert St., Edinburgh; A. Boocock, Peel Terr., Lothersdale, near Keighley, Yorks.; G. Bradshaw, 164, Edgefauld Rd., Springburn, Glasgow; E. A. Brown, 96, Park Av., Palmers Green, N.; E. Bruce, 7, Riding St., Batley, Yorks; H. Burdett, 35, Crompton St., Derby; S. Burton, 34, Spring St., Ribston, near Blackburn; E. Calvert, Snaith, Yorks; G. Camm, Finance Dept., Board of Trade, S.W.; A. C. Carden, 28, Newington Butts, S.E.; G. F. Carey, 23, Harlsmn Av., Bournemouth; R. Carr, 6, Norwood Av., Southport; H. Challinor, 39, Wilson St., Gorse Hill, Stretford, Manchester; J. T. Clements, 47, Grosvenor Terr., S.E.; W. Collishaw, 55, Markham St., Meadows, Nottingham; A. Cooley, 78, Nottingham Rd., Mansfield; A. G. Cooper, 184, Broomfield Rd., Coventry; G. Coppard, 4, Wordsworth Terr., Weymouth; J. Cox, The Cycle Works, Kings Lynn; E. Cracknell, Vallon Rd., St. Martin's, Guernsey; J. A. Cuthill, 36, John St., Arbroath, N.B.; A. Davenport, Halfway House, near Shrewsbury; D. B. Doughty, Aylton, Ledbury, Herefordshire; Mrs. Edwards, 122, Dalvell Rd., Stockwell, S.W.; P. Eccles, The Rocky, Otterspool Gdns., Aigburth Vale, Liverpool; D. Evans, The Popular Stores,

(Continued on page 39.)

Turkey Prizes Again!

100 FINE TURKEYS
MUST BE WON THIS WEEK
and will be despatched to prize-winners in ample time for the Christmas dinner.

2nd Prize £20

3rd Prize £10

10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £10

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE
£250
100 PRIZES OF £1

200 PRIZES OF 5/-
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
4,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

NEXT WEEK £1,000 FIRST PRIZE—AND MORE TURKEYS!

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 501.

OUR EMPIRE
RIGHTING THE WRONG
MORE WORK
STICKING TO GUNS
IN AMERICA
SOCIETY MOTHER
A FEW WORDS
WHEN SPIRIT MOVES
CLIMBING DOWN
A PRETTY PENNY
ON MY OWN
FARMING
A REAL FRIEND
BACK TO THE LAND
KEEPING SILENT
LETTING THEM OFF
HER HERO
HAUNTING US
TO BE SURE
BEHIND HER BACK
HARD HIT
FALLING FAST
BENEATH CONTEMPT
DAZZLING
MY CHILD
FRIENDS AGAIN
WISE
MY REWARD
PRESENT OUTLOOK
LATE AGAIN
COMING AND GOING
IN HIS PLACE

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to John Bull and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £3 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 497 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 499 can now be seen in the window of Mr. G. Adams, 19, Columbia Road, London, E. 2.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 499 will be published in next week's "Newsagents' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—Holiday Problem *Bullet*:—Wearing Everything She's Taken.—*Example*:—On The Move *Bullet*:—"Submerged Wreck" Becomes Menace. *Example*:—First Thing *Bullet*:—After Englishman's Sacrifice—Cigarette. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 501, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, WC 2.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 1.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(501) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 1.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(501) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 1.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(501) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 1.
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(501) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

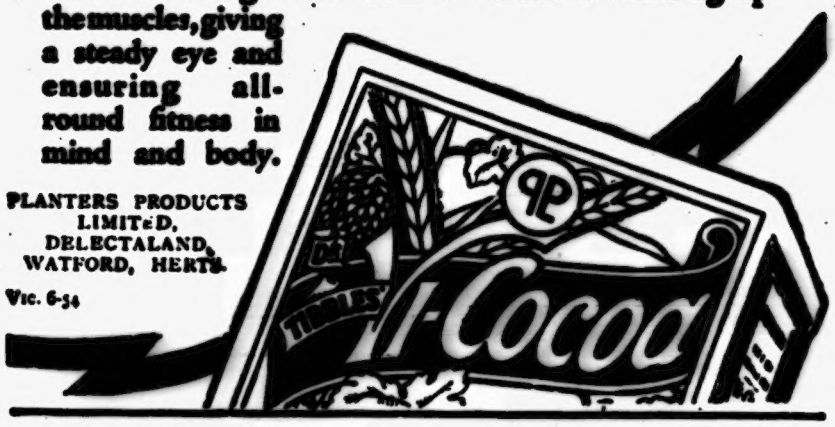
SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 502.

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS—BRITISH RIGHT—WHAT WAS REQUIRED—LOOD NOVEMBERS—AT WORK AGAIN—PUBLIC SPIRIT—NEWSPAPER—GOOD TEACHER—ONE POINT RIGHT—BY NATURE—IN SOCIETY—AN ANGEL—WORLD HAS PERISHED—COME TO FOLLOW—HER MISTAKE—DAY AND NIGHT—GOOD LOOKS—LOANS OF COMFORT—WON'T HELP—ENGLAND.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 502 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No 502, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 501.

The Last Minute Goal

He managed to get his head to it, and score the winning goal just on time. How did he last out a strenuous game so well? Just because he looks after himself properly and drinks Vi-Cocoa for breakfast and supper. There's nothing better than Vi-Cocoa for bracing up the muscles, giving a steady eye and ensuring all-round fitness in mind and body.



PLANTERS PRODUCTS LIMITED, DELECTALAND, WATFORD, HERTS.

Vic. 6-34

Healing Starts and Pain Stops

The terrible pain and suffering associated with bad legs has been stopped permanently by Germolene in thousands of cases. *YOU* try it!

Mrs. Luxton's Signed Statement:

Mrs. Luxton, 28, Tulip Place, New Church Street, Bermondsey, London, S.E.10, says:—"Years ago I caught my leg on a bucket and a varicose vein broke, forming an ulcer. It was terribly painful and grew to the size of a penny. I went under treatment for months, but it was no use. So I tried various things. One of them skinned the ulcer over, but at once it broke out at the back and I had an open wound. Then came Germolene. The first dressing soothed and brought away a lot of bad matter, and from then the ulcer healed rapidly, and my leg is now as well as ever."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

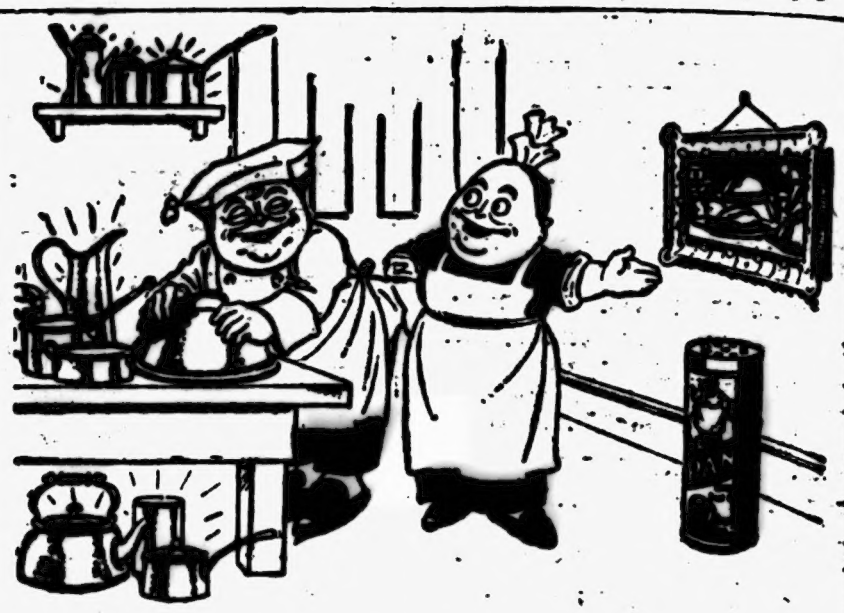
Eczema	Piles	Skin Eruptions	Pimples
Psoriasis	Itching	Cuts and Burns	Chapped Hands
Rashes	Ulcers	Ringworm	Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s. per tin. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing



Still Life and Still Polishing.

PANSHINE makes the kitchen a wonderful example of Brightness. The distinguished work of Panshine is well known to discerning housewives. With the deft touch of an artist it gives brilliant effects to all it cleans. Panshine makes every pot a picture to look at and a pleasure to handle. It cleans painted surfaces and brings out the full beauty of white woodwork.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS.

A little Panshine—a brisk rub—a smile and a shine—everything cleaned—everybody happy—that's the brilliant idea with Panshine.

Try it for Pots, Pans, Knives, Forks, Spoons. Scrub Floors and Tables with it. Use it for cleaning Paint and Linoleum.

IN PACKETS AND SPRINKLER-TOP CANISTERS

Of all Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

PANSHINE

KITCHEN MAGIC.

HODGSON & SIMPSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

Pa 137-148

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Post Free all over the world 1-18s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. For Canada: The Imperial News Co., Ltd., Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver; Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; The American News Co. For America: International News Co., Ltd., and American News Co., Ltd. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls at 78, Marche-sur-Herbes, Brussells, and 44, Rue Joseph II., Ostende, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.